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JANUARY 5 & 12, 1998 • \$3.50

THE NEW REPUBLIC

Andrew Sullivan: Bill Bennett's Offenses • Robert Dreyfuss: The CIA's Pretenses

Citizens and Strangers

*Exclusion, Discrimination, and
the Making of Americans*

BY JEFFREY ROSEN



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WASHINGTON, D.C.

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CORRESPONDENCE

The national interest

To the editors:

Peter Beinart ("The Nationalist Revolt," December 1, 1997) is correct that there are more "economic nationalists" in Congress than there were a few years ago. But it is a mistake to attribute the demise of fast track to one isolated factor, whether it be the number of nationalists or, as others have argued, the role of labor unions and multinational corporations, the tension between the president and congressional Democrats amid jockeying for the 2000 presidential election, or an overly partisan GOP bill.

The dramatic change in the nature of U.S. trade during the last decade has been accompanied, even amidst high levels of employment, by growing income inequality and rising job insecurity in this country.

More and more of our trade today is with industrializing nations with far lower labor costs and, in most cases, very tight control over labor markets, including direct involvement by the government in the determination of wages and the absence of a meaningful right for workers to organize and bargain for increased wages. Their share of imports into the U.S. has skyrocketed from just one-third to almost one-half in the last decade alone, and they represent an increasing portion of our trade deficit.

Most of us who opposed fast track are not economic nationalists or protectionists. We embrace the global economy, but as it grows we have sought to establish effective ground rules for trade so that the benefits are spread more broadly. We must move beyond traditional areas like intellectual property rights and into new areas like labor-market principles and environmental standards. Until fast-track legislation addresses these issues, it will fail.

SANDER M. LEVIN
U.S. Representative
Washington, D.C.

To the editors:

While I enjoyed the article on the upsurge of nationalism in both the Democratic and Republican Parties, the assertion that Pat Buchanan won the Arizona Republican Primary in 1996 cannot go unchallenged. In fact, it was a stunning upset victory by Steve Forbes, an unrepentant free trader.

PATRICK CURLEY
Via the Internet

Peter Beinart replies:

I did not mean to say that Buchanan won

Arizona, only that he did better than Phil Gramm.

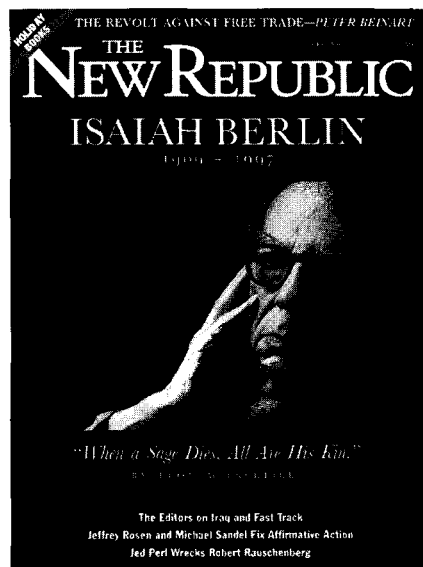
Franc talk

To the editors:

The December 1, 1997 editorial "Go it alone" gave an inaccurate representation of France's position on the Iraqi issue.

During the past few weeks, France has clearly and repeatedly stated that Iraq's decision to limit its cooperation with UNSCOM was unacceptable. Doing so, Iraq had indeed created a very dangerous crisis.

France has consistently called on Iraq in the strongest terms to respect and apply all U.N. Security Council resolutions. Over the past few weeks, France has



cooperated very closely with its Security Council partners, and especially with the United States, with whom trustful consultations have been going on all the time to achieve the same goals, namely, Iraq's application of all U.N. resolutions, the complete eradication of weapons of mass destruction in Iraq, and the maintenance of Security Council unity.

In this context, and only when it has been established by UNSCOM and the Security Council that Iraq has fulfilled its obligations to the international community, will it be possible for the Security Council to decide whether to end the oil embargo and ensure Iraq's reintegration into the international community.

B. VALÉRO
French Embassy
Washington, D.C.

Under the bridge

To the editors:

Anyone with even a modest understanding of Sierra Club activities would cut

right through the smug rhetoric in Jason Zengerle's recent piece "Water Over The Dam" (November 24, 1997) and recognize it as an old-fashioned hatchet job.

Zengerle's basic premise is that the Sierra Club is becoming more confrontational in order to "stave off complacency" caused by too many victories and too much consensus around green causes. If he had been paying better attention to the state of environmental politics he would see that, while the vast majority of Americans support stronger environmental protection, Congress is still waging a war on the environment. I wish the political consensus Zengerle imagines ("the global warming debate has narrowed to a fight over seemingly minor details?") were real, but unfortunately, the debates are still very contentious, and too many elected officials are still influenced by campaign contributions from polluting and extractive industries.

Zengerle fails to note that Lake Powell loses over one million acre-feet of water per year to seepage, which represents more than \$400 million in lost revenue and is enough water for a city the size of Los Angeles. The recent decommissioning of the Edwards Dam in Maine is yet more evidence that dams are not forever.

We recognize that this is a long-term campaign, but it is one we undertake, like all our campaigns, because we believe it is in the best interest of the American environment and the American people. The next time Zengerle wants to make guesses about the motivations of the Sierra Club, I suggest that he at least base his analysis on fact rather than whimsical notions of what's hot and what's not.

CARL POPE
Executive Director, Sierra Club
San Francisco, California

Competing standards

To the editors:

Michael J. Sandel thinks that "diversity" is a "worthy social aim" that can justify "affirmative action" ("Picking Winners," December 1, 1997). The trouble is that there are competing aims which are far worthier, namely, justice (using fair and uniform standards to evaluate individuals) and productivity (selecting the person best suited for each job). Try to imagine running a math department or a basketball team according to strict "diversity" criteria! And don't bother to argue that norms of justice and productivity are frequently violated in the real world. Of course they are. Isn't that why we should reinforce them?

KEITH W. ACKER
Cromwell, Connecticut

Why the U.S. Needs a Smaller Population And How We Can Achieve It

The U.S. needs a smaller population in order to halt the destruction of its environment and to create an economy that will be sustainable over the very long term.

We have been trying to address our steadily worsening environmental problems without coming to grips with their root cause – overpopulation.

If our present fertility rate and level of immigration continue, U.S. population, now over 268 million, will pass 400 million by the year 2050 – and still be growing rapidly!

All efforts to save our environment will ultimately be futile unless we not only halt U.S. population growth, but reverse it, so that our population can eventually be stabilized at a **sustainable** level – far lower than it is today.

The Optimum U.S. Population Size

The central issue is surely this: **At what size should we seek to stabilize U.S. population?** Unless we know in what direction we should be headed, how can we possibly devise sensible policies to get us there?

There is a direct linkage between the size of our population and such vitally important national goals as a healthy environment and a sustainable economy. NPG believes these goals can best be attained with a U.S. population of 150 million, its size in 1950. This optimum size could be reached in three to four generations if we act now to achieve two objectives that are well within our grasp.

How To Get There

1. **Impose restrictions on immigration** that would halt illegal immigration, and cap legal immigration at not over 100,000 per year, including all relatives, refugees and asylees. That alone would sharply slow our growth.
2. **Lower our fertility rate** (the average number of children per woman) from the present 2.1 to around 1.5 and maintain it at that level for several decades. We believe that non-coercive financial incentives will be necessary to reach that goal.

If most women had no more than two children, our fertility rate would drop to around 1.5, because many women remain childless by choice, or choose to have only one child. **NPG promotes the ideal of the two-child maximum family as the social norm, because that is the key to lowering our fertility.**

Incentives To Lower Fertility

NPG proposed these incentives to motivate parents to have no more than two children:

- Eliminate the present Federal income tax exemption for dependent children born after a specific date.
- Give a federal income tax credit **only** to those parents who have no more than two children. Those with three or more would lose the credit entirely.
- Give an annual cash grant to parents who pay little or no income tax, and who have no more than two children. Those with three or more children would lose the cash grant entirely.

The Choice Before Us

By reducing immigration and promoting a lower fertility rate our nation could start now on the path toward a sustainability, and prosperous, population of 150 million.

Without such a program, we are almost certain to continue our mindless, headlong rush toward catastrophic population levels that will devastate our environment and produce widespread poverty in a crowded, polluted nation.

If you agree that we need to work toward a smaller U.S. population, we need your support. **NPG is the only organization that calls for smaller U.S. and world population, and for specific, realistic measures to achieve those goals.**

☐ I want to become a member of NPG and help work toward smaller US and world populations. I enclose a check for annual dues:

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FROM WASHINGTON

Gorey details

From September 3, when Attorney General Janet Reno began determining whether an independent counsel should look into the campaign fund-raising activities of President Clinton and Vice President Gore, until December 2, when she decided not to name one, Gore maintained a steadfast silence on his phone calls from the White House to Democratic donors. This was appropriate: it's never wise for a public official to talk about a pending investigation. With Reno's inquiry over, however, Gore still isn't addressing the merits of the issue. "It's a different rationale now," he told Elizabeth Shogren of *The Los Angeles Times*, with what Shogren described as a "self-conscious laugh." Before, the investigation was still ongoing. Now: "I think we can put those phone calls in the past."

Indeed, none of his interviews since Reno's decision—with Shogren, with *The New York Times*, and with *Time*—included an answer to this essential question: Is it ethical for the vice president of the United States to call up potential donors, some of whom have, or foreseeably could have, business affected by the federal government, and ask for cash for his party? Gore's refusal to revisit this issue leaves as his final words on the subject the answers he gave at his memorable "no controlling legal authority" press conference on March 3 of last year: "I never did anything I thought was wrong," he said on that occasion. Gore promised not to make any more such calls in the future, but only "because it's aroused a great deal of concern and comment." He added: "I'm proud of what I did" to help reelect Bill Clinton.

Is this good enough? The answer must begin with a description of what, exactly, Gore did. During the fall of 1995 and the spring of 1996, he phoned 45 different Democratic donors from his White House office and asked them for specific—and large—amounts of "soft money." Gore made the calls because he and Clinton had been told by

their political consultants that they were in danger of losing the election unless the Democrats could match the expected flood of Republican campaign spending. Ludicrous in hindsight, this seemed a realistic fear at the time. (The question of Gore's role in a dubious fund-raiser at a Buddhist temple is a separate story, which will matter only if evidence ever emerges that Gore actually knew his visit to the temple was meant to generate illegal donations that were later laundered.)

It's always been far-fetched to contend that Gore's calls were against the law, much less that they amounted to a major criminal violation. This is true basically for the reasons Reno gave: the Pendleton Act, the 1883 law which bans the solicitation of campaign funds in a federal office, does not clearly apply to phone solicitations from a federal office to somewhere else. Furthermore, the Justice Department almost never prosecutes anyone under the statute, unless all sorts of "aggravating" circumstances, such as "knowing disregard of the law," are present. In Gore's case, they weren't. Does anyone really believe that Al Gore would have made the phone calls if he *knew* they were illegal?

But Reno's finding that nothing Gore did rose to the level of prosecutable criminality isn't the last word on the rights and wrongs of the matter. Basically, Gore's calls were part of the political tackiness that goes on in the interstices of our baroque campaign finance laws, all over Washington, every day of the week. You can see why he felt he had to make them; it's harder to see why he would be "proud" he did. A reasonable person could find the calls troubling—at least in the sense of being beneath the dignity of his high office—and many do. Indeed, some of those most offended by the vice president's calls apparently included Clinton-Gore supporters who received them. A "long time Gore friend and supporter" told Bob Woodward of *The Washington Post* that the calls were "revolting." Another Democratic donor told Woodward that, given his own business's dependence on federal decisions, "there were elements of a shakedown in the call."

This, then, is the problem with Gore's continued refusal to tackle his critics on the merits. Yes, much of the attack on him is partisan, as he emphasized to *The New York Times*. But not *all* of those who object to the phone calls are doing so in bad faith. And Gore is failing to engage them. In this sense, Gore's interviews with Shogren et al were a golden opportunity to make amends—an opportunity

that Gore should have taken but missed. He could have simply said: "Look, upon reflection, I'm not proud of what I did. It wasn't illegal, but I can see how reasonable people might have legitimate qualms. I learned my lesson and I'm not going to do it anymore." Instead, Gore concedes only that the "no controlling legal authority" formulation was inapt, and says we must all "put those phone calls in the past," while redoubling the effort for campaign finance reform. He still doesn't seem to get it.

Hyperbolic partisan accusation—scandal-mongering—is one of the time-honored ways by which the inherently unruly American political system ensures accountability for policy judgments or ethical decisions which, while not necessarily criminal, might strike a reasonable voter as at least questionable. If anyone should understand this, it's Al Gore. Remember "Iraqgate"? This was the purportedly illegal scheme by which the Bush administration supposedly financed Saddam Hussein's weapons buildup before the Gulf war.

On October 25, 1992, Gore, running for vice president, asserted that Iraqgate constituted "a bigger cover-up than Watergate ever was." One reason you don't remember Iraqgate is that there didn't turn out to be anything to Gore's charges—at least not in a criminal sense. Three years ago, the Clinton administration's own Justice Department cleared the Bush administration of any wrongdoing. But, as partisan rhetoric, Gore's denunciations served a valid political purpose: it forced Bush to defend his appalling appeasement of Saddam.

The system works. In Gore's own case today, his phone calls have become one of the touchstones for a wider, and much-needed, debate over campaign finance reform (which Gore himself has long favored). As it happens, the non-legal sanction of scandal has also achieved the purposes of legal sanction: deterrence and punishment. Gore has sworn off future fund-raising calls from his office, and it's a safe bet no future vice president will ever make any. And Gore has paid a real price, in the coin he probably cares about most: diminished stature and diminished poll numbers. The Republicans (and Gore's Democratic rivals) will have to settle for that. For his part, Gore has to live with the fact that he starts the 2000 campaign in a weaker position than he'd like—and that his own handling of the phone call issue is largely to blame.

CHARLES LANE

JANUARY 5 & 12, 1998

PRINCIPAL PRINCIPLES

Out of the swamp that is the New York City public school system, a brave school reform—maybe the bravest in decades—has emerged: Rudy Crew, Mayor Rudolph Giuliani's schools chancellor, is taking on the absurd practice of granting tenure to principals. Of all the reform ideas of the last 20 years, this is the one most likely to shake up a citywide system. Smaller classes and after-school reading programs are all fine and good, but as reforms they are unwieldy to implement and impossible to monitor. Vague efforts to increase parental involvement wind up with the same sets of parents always involved, and simply throwing more money at the problem doesn't help if the principals squander it. One teacher may make the difference on a micro level. A good principal recruits many of these good teachers—and drives out the bad ones. Replace 50 useless principals with 50 good ones, and you've saved 50 schools.

Unfortunately, good principals are rare. Joseph Fernandez, the last chancellor to take on tenure, writes in his book *Tales Out of School* that the majority of New York's 1,000 or so principals are mediocre, and as many as 25 percent are "incompetent." A quick perusal of the New York dailies will give you an idea of the destructive powers of incompetence. One principal ignored a custodian's complaints that a music teacher was sexually abusing a 13-year-old child. The music teacher was later indicted. After a teacher saw ugly welts on the hand of a seven-year-old, the principal sent her not to child welfare authorities, but home, where her mother severely beat her that night. Another principal ignored a teacher's complaint that students were using an abandoned classroom to have sex. Later, a student was gang-raped in that room.

These are the horror stories collected daily by Edward Stancik, an investigator for the city government. But the real damage is less sensational and more insidious: a system-wide indifference which traps the schools in a kind of permanent stupor. All across the city are principals who preside over schools with a pattern of plummeting reading rates. No one monitors them or checks their progress; they are ensconced for life. One group documented 21 cases this year where principals were granted tenure although reading scores in their schools had dropped sharply. Just under a third of elementary school principals up for tenure next year are running

schools where the number of third-graders reading above remedial levels declined 15 percent, according to a *New York Times* analysis. Meanwhile, even in the worst schools, there are principals who have managed to measurably improve reading scores. While tenure for teachers is a trickier question, there's no question that tenure for principals fosters an environment of lazy collusion between teachers and their bosses, thus protecting everyone's needs but the students'.

The usual characters have raised the usual objections. The union for principals opposes the idea because, well, that's what unions do. But that there even exists a union for principals is alarming. What other institution or company in America has unionized managers? The union insists that there are only a few bad apples, and mechanisms already exist to get rid of them. A principal is tenured after five years; a superintendent can then fire the principal by going through a three-year review process. That process was just made easier, the union argues, by New York state's School Governance Act, which passed last year: it allows superintendents to fire principals not just for criminal acts but for "persistent educational failures."

Yet while the law created new criteria for firing, it left the old, tedious procedures in place. The three-year process requires a painstaking documentation more exacting than most superintendents have the time or energy to carry out. Only 22 of the city's 500 or so tenured principals have ever faced charges—and mostly for criminal acts or gross negligence. Not one has been challenged for educational failures. Most of the time, bad principals are just transferred to a different school, a practice Crew memorably called "the dance of the lemons."

Recently, Crew has been backing down from his challenge. When a *Times* reporter asked if he had compiled a list of bad principals, he became testy: "The answer is, 'No,'" he said. And it may wind up that Crew's instincts are essentially conciliatory. But even if he gets the state legislature to pass a bill ending tenure and never once uses it, he will have done a courageous thing; a weapon will be waiting for a brasher chancellor to wield in the future. If the New York Democrats support the principals' union on this one, they lose their claim to being the party that cares about education. If they support it, they set a model for the nation. •



NOTEBOOK

SPARE NO EXPENSE: "KIM JONG IL EMERGES AS THE LODESTAR FOR SAILING THE 21ST CENTURY," read the banner headline on page A21 of the December 16 edition of *The New York Times*. This was not, of course, a *Times* news story about North Korea, but a full-page, color advertisement purchased by something called The Committee for Translating and Publishing Kim Jong Il's Works, which is based in Japan. Beneath a large photo of a smiling Kim, the text reports that the newly anointed general secretary of the Workers' Party of Korea "is a man of great leadership, remarkable wisdom and noble virtues. He is always with the popular masses sharing the ups and downs of life with them." Since for many North Koreans the ups and downs of life have recently included scavenging for roots to ward off starvation, we were pleased to note that Kim looked fat as well as happy—and that, despite the hard times North Korean workers are currently experiencing, the committee for translating Kim's works apparently had no trouble coming up with the \$77,000 it cost to take out a color-page advertisement in the newly colorized *Times*. As the Clinton administration continues its program of engagement with the North—which has included millions of dollars worth of food and fuel aid as well as large cash reimbursements to Kim's government for the "costs" of searching for the remains of Americans missing from the Korean War—the *Times* ad serves to clarify not only the nature of Kim Jong Il's qualifications to rule his country, but also the true spending priorities of his regime and its overseas front groups.

BROADCAST NEWS: Wei Jingsheng is the brave Chinese dissident who recently arrived in the United States after months of Clinton administration diplomacy aimed at gaining his release from jail. But now that Wei has come to America, why are some in the administration trying to prevent his words from reaching the folks back home? According to the December 17 *Wall Street Journal*, key administration officials urged the Voice of America to cancel the scheduled radio and television broadcast into China of an interview with Wei because they feared its impact on the ever-fragile Sino-American relationship. The events went like this, the *Journal* reports: the U.S. ambassador to China, James Sasser, heard about the planned broadcast and told National Security Council officials that it might be seen by the Beijing authorities as a political use of Wei's release, thus complicating his pleas for the freedom of other dissidents. NSC officials then went to United States Information Agency head Joseph Duffey, who leaned on VOA director Evelyn Lieberman and her boss, Kevin Klose, who is the director of the International Bureau of Broadcasting. Lieberman and Klose refused to surrender their autonomy, and the broadcast went ahead, although Worldnet, a U.S. television outlet, delayed it.

Welcome to America, Wei Jingsheng. We, too, have our share of bureaucrats—but, fortunately, we also have a few people willing to stand up to them.

EASY MONEY: The Clinton administration has approved an \$18 million World Bank loan and a \$22 million bilateral U.S. aid package to pay for reconstruction and democratization efforts in Republika Srpska, the Serb "entity" in Bosnia whose titular president, Biljana Plavsic, is currently locked in a power struggle with indicted war criminal Radovan Karadzic. The administration did this despite a new law, signed by President Clinton on November 26, which requires sanctions against—and prohibits aid to—any country or entity failing "to take necessary and significant steps to apprehend and transfer to the Tribunal all persons who have been publicly indicted by the Tribunal." Fifty-two indicted Serb war criminals are still at large, and the vast majority of them, including Karadzic and former Bosnian Serb Army chief Ratko Mladic, are on the lam in—where else?—Republika Srpska. The administration claims it has exercised the president's right to waive the restrictions in order to support the Dayton peace process, perhaps in the belief that the money can be used to bolster Plavsic. Compared to Karadzic, she is the lesser evil (a point to be emphasized by a planned meeting between her and Clinton during his trip to Bosnia next week). She also has a history of inflammatory rhetoric toward Bosnia's other ethnic groups, however, and she's hardly taking "necessary and significant steps" to track down alleged war criminals—even those, like Karadzic, who are her political rivals. In November, she announced that "[t]he present position of the Republika Srpska is that we are unwilling to hand over Dr. Karadzic and General Mladic for trial in The Hague." Given that the blandishments she has received from the United States so far have had no effect on this position, it's not clear how a few more millions in aid to her rickety government will cause it to change. But you have to hand it to Plavsic: at least *she's* consistent.

TRIAL AND ERROR:

Winnie Mandela Admits 'Things Went Wrong'

—*Los Angeles Times*, December 5, 1997

Winnie Mandela Is Defiant, Calling Accusations 'Lunacy'

—*New York Times*, December 5, 1997

(Thanks to Jonathan N. Rosen, Santa Monica, California)

THE HARD QUESTIONS

WELFARE PAIR

By Glenn C. Loury

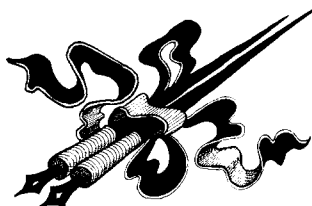
Last spring, Robert M. Solow, the Nobel Prize-winning economist from M.I.T., gave one of the prestigious Tanner Lectures on Human Values at Princeton University. He spoke about welfare reform—a topic far from the theoretical research for which he is renowned, but one that is nevertheless dear to his heart. A liberal Democrat, Solow predictably lamented that President Clinton had signed the Personal Responsibility and Work Opportunity Reconciliation Act—the 1996 legislation that ended welfare as a federal entitlement. However, being a no-nonsense analyst, rather than dwell on this lament, he went on to ask how the new law might be made to work better.

Now, several months later, James Q. Wilson of UCLA, perhaps the most influential political scientist of his generation, is asking the same question. A conservative Republican, Wilson was more sympathetic to the welfare reform effort. However, he, too, is gravely concerned: he fears we are not doing enough to promote the well-being of poor children. In early December, Wilson delivered the prestigious Boyer Lecture to a black-tie gathering in Washington, D.C., hosted by the American Enterprise Institute, under the title, "Two Nations." He spoke about policies that could help forestall a transformation of the United States into what Benjamin Disraeli, speaking of Victorian England, called "two nations, between whom there is no intercourse and no sympathy."

Their political differences notwithstanding, these two eminent social scientists are making weighty arguments that point in the same direction. And it's a direction different from the one in which our policymakers are going now. Solow and Wilson both believe that effective anti-poverty policy means spending more, not less, but spending it more wisely than we have in the past. Solow believes the new law's work requirements (adults must go to work within two years of first receiving benefits) need the "purposeful creation of jobs, in numbers, places and forms that are suitable for the people who will fill them." Wilson, concerned about impaired child development, argues that policymakers should concentrate on rebuilding the family. "If, as is now the case, how [children] are raised is left to overwhelmed women or institutional arrangements [then] the only way we can restore the balance is by committing money

to the task of inducing actions that were once the product of spontaneous arrangements."

Solow and Wilson also share something else: namely, a belief that many welfare recipients are so ill-equipped to enter the mainstream workforce, even the best training programs won't reach them. In his Tanner lectures, Solow discussed the sobering results of welfare-to-work projects from the past decade: as many as a third of welfare recipients cannot find and keep jobs that pay enough to support their families. Wilson, drawing on his own previous research, told his audience—mostly business leaders and conservative policy intellectuals—that the root causes of social disorder are to be found early in life. When children do not receive the nurture that is essential for the development of sound character, they are much more likely to get caught up in violent crime, drug addiction, and illegitimacy. Accordingly, he proposed more intensive pre-school education—"much more intensive than what typically occurs in Project Head Start"—including parent training and home visitations along with child care. And, Wilson said, the government should fund residential programs for unmarried teenage mothers who have no competent adult to oversee their handling of the newborn, even though the annual cost of such a program might run as high as \$40,000 per mother.



Of course, this is not to say the two see eye to eye. But, connecting their respective lines of thought is the common insight that the personal resources, job skills, and child-rearing capacities of a sizable minority of welfare recipients are severely limited. As a result, even after several

years of support, the perfectly foreseeable consequence of leaving many of these mothers and their children on their own is that we will produce a humanitarian disaster.

I came to the same conclusion myself on a recent visit to an educational program for welfare mothers in the New York City area. The program's offices are in a grim public housing project overlooking the Hudson River; the entrance door is pocked with bullet holes. Ostensibly, the program helps local welfare mothers earn their high school equivalency certificates by preparing them for an exam that requires reading and math skills at roughly the tenth-grade level. While the women are in class, the program provides high-quality day care for their children, some of whom are just a few months old.

I asked the dozen or so participants with whom I spoke what they expected to be doing two years hence. Each said she'd be holding down a good-paying job thanks to the equivalency certificate. Yet, the social worker directing the program confided in me that, based on her experience over the past six years, only a small minority—maybe as few as one in five—would ever pass the exam. So impaired is their cognitive and emotional development, she said, and so chaotic are their lives, that most of the women, even those who truly apply themselves, are unlikely to attain tenth-grade skill levels.

But success can be measured in more than one way.

The more important objective of the program, the director told me, is to give children a better chance. She recounted horror stories: a visit to a client's home finds a baby strapped into a stroller in front of a flickering television screen in an otherwise empty room; a toddler arrives with language skills so dramatically delayed as to suggest the virtual absence of verbal stimulation during infancy. Violent boyfriends, bouts of homelessness, unplanned pregnancies, and battles with addiction impede the mothers' progress. The director's bottom line: "It's all over by three. Either we reach these children early, or we can forget it."

For a decade, the core idea of welfare reform has been that nobody should get a free ride—recipients should work in return for their benefits. This is a sound principle, politically and morally. But it is not sufficient to guide policy in this area. There are recipients who will be unable to live up to their part of the bargain. And there are children whose dim prospects are given insufficient weight in the calculus of reciprocity. Fortunately, the wisest thinking, on both the left and the right, recognizes that we have unfinished business on the welfare front. Now, if only our politicians could muster the vision and the will to act. •

How the GOP lost Asian America.

THE LEE ROUT

By Peter Beinart

Say what you want about the merits of Bill Lann Lee's appointment as Acting Assistant Attorney General for Civil Rights. But politically, it's a rout, a turkey shoot, a massacre. Years from now, political consultants wintering at the Kennedy School of Government will teach it for credit. It's not hard to imagine the question on the final exam: "Based on the assembled documents, explain how the Republican Party misunderstood the political psychology of a once-sympathetic ethnic minority, alienating it for decades."

Document One: Polling data from the 1992 general election. In 1992, George Bush lost African Americans and Latinos by large margins. He essentially tied Bill Clinton among whites. Among only one group did Bush crush his Democratic challenger—Asians, by 27 points. On Election Day, 1992, according to the Roper Center for Public Opinion Research, more than three times as many Asians called themselves "conservative" as "liberal." They were, to put it bluntly, in the Republican Party's pocket.

Document Two: The text of California's Proposition 187 and the 1996 federal welfare reform bill. Asians voted Republican for two reasons. First, they were fiscally conservative.

A 1996 poll by the magazine *Asian Week* found 72 percent of Asians in support of a balanced budget amendment and 63 percent favoring a reduction in the size of "all government agencies." Second, many Asians—especially immigrants from Vietnam, South Korea, and Taiwan—responded positively to the GOP's anti-communism.

But, by the mid-1990s, anti-communism didn't matter much anymore. And the Republican Party fatefully waded into the politics of immigration, first with Proposition 187 in 1994, and then with the welfare reform bill two years later. Asian views on immigration, like Latino views, proved the political equivalent of quicksand: camouflaged enough to lure the GOP in, and powerful enough to suck them under. Polling data show that both Asians and Latinos are hostile to open borders—which makes sense considering that immigration probably depresses their wages more than those of whites. But Asians and Latinos also see attacks on newcomers as fueling racism that damages them as well. In short, Asians, like Latinos, are dubious about the value of immigration yet devoted to the rights of immigrants.

Proposition 187 and the welfare bill—which didn't change policy on the border but denied immigrants education, health, and old-age benefits—played that nuance exactly wrong, and spurred many angry Asians to naturalize, register, and vote. By the time Bob Dole took on Bill Clinton in 1996, the GOP's lead among Asians was down from 27 points to around five. A poll of first-time Asian American voters in California showed Clinton winning a majority.

Document Three: Testimony before the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights on the Democratic National Committee's "harassment" of Asian Americans. In 1996, as we all know, the Clintonites seized on the newfound Asian affinity for Democrats to fill their campaign coffers. Asians gave generously to the president, and their increased influence became a political coming-out party of sorts. Many expected Clinton to appoint the nation's first Asian American Cabinet member as a show of gratitude.

It did not work out that way. After the John Huang story broke, many Asians felt overwhelmed by the ensuing anti-Asian publicity and betrayed by the president in their hour of need. In particular, Asians were stunned when the DNC hired the accounting firm of Ernst & Young to cold-call as many as 1,200 Asian donors to the Democratic Party. The donors were asked about their citizenship, their income, and their reasons for donating. They were told that if they didn't cooperate with the survey, their names would be released to the press. Those calls, detailed at a meeting of the Civil Rights Commission last month, sparked more fury among Asians than did any other government action during the finance scandal. And the fury was aimed not at the Republicans investigating the scandal, but at the Democrats.

Document Four: Press release by Yasuo Tokita, a Japanese-American Republican from Utah, supporting the nomination of Bill Lann Lee. But strangely, while the campaign finance scandal temporarily halted the move by Asians into the Democratic Party, it laid the groundwork for an

WE HAVE A SPECIAL GIFT

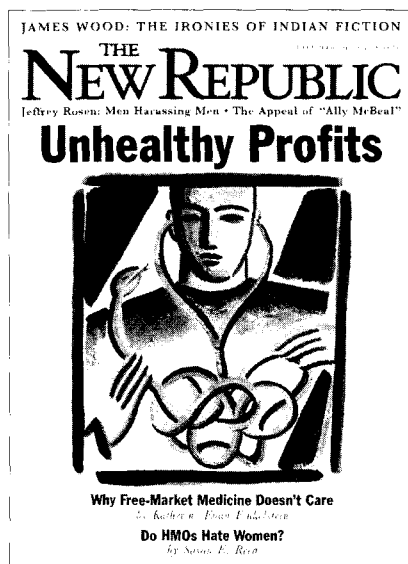
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AND ANALYSIS, GOVERNMENT ... AND

event that would later turn that move into a stampede: the controversy over Bill Lann Lee.

Republicans figured that opposing Lee's appointment to head the Justice Department's Civil Rights Division wouldn't hurt them with Asian Americans as long as they signaled they were opposing him in service of a color-blind society. Asians, who they assumed opposed racial preferences because preferences hurt them in college admissions, would be assuaged.

That reasoning contained one small mistake and one big mistake. The small mistake was to assume, as commentators often do, that the debate over racial preferences is a debate over university admissions. It's true that Asians have been hurt by preferences in admissions, but what the Republicans overlooked was that Asian Americans have benefited enormously from preferences in government contracting and employment. Contracting and hiring preferences, unlike those in admissions, usually extend to Asians, and Asians are often the minorities best prepared to take advantage of them. That's why 60 percent of Asians voted against the California Civil Rights Initiative, or Proposition 209. And it's part of the reason Asians didn't see Bill Lee as a race traitor for having defended preferences at the NAACP.

But that was only the small mistake. The Republicans' big mistake was assuming that Asians, because of their success, see America as a color-blind society where minorities don't need special protection. However many Asians believed that proposition in years past, the GOP was crazy to bank on it today, after a year of the campaign finance scandal. For Asians who believe their community has been scapegoated by both parties over the past year, the fund-raising scandal undermines the credibility of the GOP's claims to color blindness and makes the attack on Lee appear more sinister. Many Asians see the GOP's opposition to Lee not as race-neutral, but as akin to President Clinton's refusal to appoint an Asian to his Cabinet this spring: a decision that preys on Asian political weakness in the wake of the fund-raising scandal. Yasuo Tokita, in his public statement supporting Bill Lee, said that "Bill Lann Lee is 'guilty' of looking like John Huang."

The Republicans compounded this problem by conceding early on that Lee was professionally qualified. Polls show that Americans oppose quotas but support outreach to underrepresented groups. By saying Lee was qualified, Republicans unconsciously signaled to Asians that his appointment was the "good" type of affirmative action: outreach. And this struck a chord since Asians see themselves as woefully underrepresented in the upper echelons of government—a symptom of a society that grants them private success but not public glory. As MSNBC commentator Eric Liu wrote this summer in *The Washington Post Magazine*, Asians are seen as "whiz kids, worker bees, technicians. We expect them to strive, yes, but in the wings, not on center stage." Being denied a Cabinet post after they toiled raising money has played into that stereotype, and the Asian groups championing

Bill Lee often refer to his troubles as evidence of a "political glass ceiling" facing Asian Americans.

Document Five: Transcript of interview with a staffer to a Democratic member of Congress who has a large Asian constituency: "I love that they're going after Bill. [Laughter] I love it." How badly is the Lee controversy hurting the GOP? Well, it has spawned a mini-mutiny by Asian Republicans. In Cleveland, nine Asian Republicans attended a press conference to rebuke Ohio Senator Mike DeWine for not backing Lee. In Michigan, Marissa Ming, the GOP's precinct director for the Bloomfields suburb of Detroit, calls herself "an unhappy Republican." In Utah, Yasuo Tokita says the state's Asian population is mostly Republican. Asked to gauge their hostility to Orrin Hatch for his opposition to Lee, he responds, "intense would be an understatement." In California, the vice president of the California Asian American Republican Caucus has protested to the Republicans on the Senate Judiciary Committee. Paul Zee, the Republican mayor of South Pasadena, says that "Bill's nomination has hit a tidal wave of support." An influential Asian Republican in Los Angeles told me: "Republicans have pushed Asians toward the Democrats when most of them really had been voting Republican in the past."

For Asian Republicans, the Lee controversy is painful confirmation that their party can't grasp introductory level lessons about ethnic politics, and that its mistakes are turning a once solidly Republican constituency into a likely Democratic one. Democrats, for their part, are divided into two camps. A few seem amazed, bewildered, almost bothered, by the GOP's political clumsiness. "I don't understand why on earth they're doing this," says California Congressman Robert Matsui. "They're about to lose a major part of the Asian American constituency." But most aren't asking such difficult questions. They're too busy having fun. •

Why charity is not enough.

ANY VOLUNTEERS?

By Mark Stricherz

In November, Colin Powell announced that his effort to "rescue" two million at-risk kids by the year 2000—all through volunteerism and private sector charity—was making headway, particularly when it came to encouraging mentoring. "This is one of our major areas of concentration," the former Gulf war commander said, motioning with his hands to show everyone just how much he meant it. But then Powell let slip that the private sector had not lived up to one of its most important pledges. Under Powell's plan, busi-

nesses were supposed to finance the bulk of a \$10 million advertising campaign that would have allowed mentoring organizations like Big Brothers/Big Sisters of America to double in size. So far, corporations have supplied practically nothing, according to Catherine Milton, an official running the campaign.

The shortfall is, alas, emblematic of Powell's effort. Since kicking off his campaign at the presidents' volunteerism summit in Philadelphia last April, Powell and his nonprofit organization—America's Promise—have lined up 325 corporate "commitments" to donate money and employee time, all in the name of helping needy kids. But upon closer inspection, these commitments, cited by Powell in his report and touted by the media, sometimes turn out to be less impressive than advertised. For all of its good intentions, the effort by Powell and America's Promise may become a case study in the limits of private charity.

A major problem is that corporations favor their own pet causes, which often have more to do with image-making among consumers than with the needs of poor kids. "We found out very early on," says Diane Whitty, a chief fund-raiser for the mentoring ad campaign, "that corporations were not comfortable giving money for an ad campaign to raise more money"—presumably because there was nothing in it for them. Sears, Roebuck & Company, one company Powell cited, is sending 50,000 volunteers and needy kids—to see the circus. Powell also cited as an important commitment a promise by the John Nuveen Company to donate \$80,000 in scholarships to Chicago public schools. But, according to a company spokesperson, the money is not targeted specifically at needy students. Every high school in Chicago can receive the \$1,000 scholarship because, a company spokeswoman says, "we wanted every neighborhood that has a kid who's succeeded [despite an obstacle] to reward him or her."

This is not entirely surprising: as the trade magazine *Industry Week* pointed out recently, corporations frequently become more charitable in order to erase their images as downsizing behemoths or to improve worker morale. For example, First Union Corporation has a literacy tutoring program that allows employees to spend four hours per month, on company time, tutoring kids. That sounds great; *Newsweek* even cited the program last spring. But the description is misleading. Workers can fulfill the pledge by tutoring the child of their choice—even their own kid—and they can even just go along on field trips with their youngster, according to company officials. Nickelodeon, the children's TV channel, pumped in \$4 million per year extra for an ad campaign touting to kids the merits of volunteering. Of course, says a company spokesperson, "being nice to your little brother" or "raking leaves for a neighbor" counts as volunteering.

But if this predicament was not unexpected, it was one America's Promise was specifically established to avoid. America's Promise is supposed to check up on corporations and make sure they are really directing

their efforts at needy kids. As the organization's officials admit, however, America's Promise has no systematic way to verify those commitments: the group gets its information from companies through a questionnaire. "I think you make a good point," says Raymond G. Chambers, a founder of last April's summit, adding that he will retain some social scientists to conduct a study.

This might have been averted if America's Promise had the muscle to channel companies' pledges to nonprofit groups that know how to use volunteers. Nonprofit leaders say it hasn't happened. "I've spoken with ten to fifteen nonprofit heads," says one nonprofit leader, "and they say, 'We didn't get any corporate connections that we didn't have before [the summit].'" "[S]ome corporations were naive about what it really takes to help kids," says Marty Friedman, head of a national Americorps program.

The sad part is that in calling on Americans to volunteer, Powell has indeed tapped into a social force with some potential to do good. The private sector just can't mobilize it efficiently. Take the Big Brothers situation. "The number of phone calls coming in asking for mentors is seven times higher than the number of people volunteering to be mentors," Powell declared. That's why the ill-fated ad campaign was so important.

To be sure, Powell's effort hasn't failed completely. Many corporations say it has at least helped alert them to the need to help at-risk kids. And a handful of businesses, such as the Ronald McDonald House Charities and the Taco Bell Foundation, which set up specific programs for needy kids, deserve praise. America's Promise began as a sort of anti-poverty panacea, but in reality it's something else—an effort whose main impact has been on corporate philanthropy itself. Corporate involvement in helping at-risk kids isn't worthless. It just isn't enough. •

America's myopic Africa policy.

CONGO GAMES

By David Aronson

Three and a half years ago, as one of the clearest cases of genocide since the Holocaust unfolded on live TV, the Clinton administration forbade officials to call the slaughter in Rwanda "genocide" lest that obligate the United States to do something about it. And so while the U.S. and the U.N. squabbled over who would pay for spare parts for the 50 armored personnel carriers the U.N. peacekeepers requested, and then bickered over what color to paint them, 800,000 people in that small central African

nation were shot, stabbed, blown up, beheaded, bludgeoned, or burned alive.

Last week, Secretary of State Madeleine Albright traveled to central Africa to dispense her patented combination of straight talk and sermonizing. But while Albright acknowledged the West's multiple failures during the Rwandan genocide, and although she said all the right things about American support for human rights and democracy, U.S. policy toward the region remains defined by short-term geopolitical and economic concerns. The likely outcome is a continuation of support for existing governments in the name of "stability" and the further postponement of a meaningful long-term solution to the underlying ethnic and political tensions which spawned political instability and mass killing in the first place. Indeed, Hutus massacred over 200 Tutsis in Rwanda on the very day Albright's delegation arrived—just as, in a less-publicized incident last October, Tutsi soldiers massacred over 5,000 Hutus.

By Albright's own reckoning, the most important stop on her seven-nation tour was the country formerly known as Zaire, rechristened since the downfall of dictator Mobutu Sese Seko as the Democratic Republic of Congo, and generally referred to as DROC. DROC is on the receiving end of a \$40 million U.S. aid program promised by Albright, not to mention a pending package of international loans. The government of DROC (pronounced Dee Rock, as though it were a contemporary soft-rock radio station) remains enigmatic. We don't know who really led the military campaign that ousted Mobutu last year, though it almost certainly wasn't Laurent Désiré Kabila, the rebels' ostensible leader and the country's new president. Kabila was a two-bit Marxist whose indolence and Gucci tastes had disillusioned even Che Guevara, who spent several months with him in 1965 unsuccessfully attempting to revive the country's post-colonial rebellions. In the 1970s, Kabila carved out a fiefdom for himself in eastern Zaire, financed with gold, diamond, and ivory smuggling. He achieved brief notoriety in 1975 when he kidnapped four of Jane Goodall's assistants. Kabila was quietly enjoying his golden years in Dar es Salaam when he was plucked out of retirement by the Rwandan and Ugandan forces who initiated the war against Mobutu and organized the rebel military campaign.

In the past few months, journalists and human-rights monitors have documented charges that Kabila's army massacred refugees during its long walk to power. Despite these reports, the Clinton administration reserves its sternest human-rights lectures for private meetings—or so we are assured—while publicly giving Kabila's regime rhetorical and diplomatic support. Ambassador Daniel Simpson, our man in Kinshasa, came to Washington last month to declare: "Kabila has consistently stated his commitment to democracy, and I see no reason not to take him at his word." When a Congolese scientist who works at the National Institutes of Health begged to differ, the ambassador curtly recommended that he "go back to Congo" and work for change there.

Even as the ambassador was painting Kabila in Gilbert Stuart hues, Reuters was reporting from Kinshasa that Kabila's soldiers had "broken up dozens of marches, demonstrations and meetings, arresting scores of [opposition party] members." Indeed, embarrassment seems to be the cost of doing business with this regime. No sooner had Albright finished chatting up Kabila at their joint news conference, than, in response to a reporter's question, Kabila bitterly denounced a jailed opposition figure. Perhaps sensing the faux pas, he concluded his tirade by exclaiming, "Long live democracy!"

Albright's visit to DROC was meant to cap a week of political triumphs for Kabila and his U.S. backers. The previous week, at a meeting in Brussels, the World Bank had urged the governments of 14 major industrial countries to inject a massive dollop of financial assistance to the government, in the form of a three-year, \$4 billion "trust fund," and the resumption of bilateral assistance programs. According to the Africa Information Service, when a World Bank official was asked prior to the meetings about the political implications of assisting a regime that may have come to power with much blood on its hands, the official replied that the bank does not take a position on how a regime comes to power and that, as an apolitical institution, massacres are beyond the bank's mandate.

The fact is that DROC is simply too rich and too central for outside powers to ignore. It has Midas-sized reserves of cobalt, copper, cadmium, gold, silver, zinc, manganese, tin, germanium, uranium, radium, timber, hydroelectric power, bauxite, iron ore, coal, and industrial diamonds. Kabila's ascension has given American companies the inside track on this wealth. One of them is American Mineral Fields (based in Hope, Arkansas, of all places). AMF signed with the rebels when most observers gave them at best an outside shot of winning the war, and AMF is now sitting on some of the richest zinc, copper, and cobalt deposits in the world. Another is Barrick Gold Corporation, whose advisory board members include former President Bush and Brian Mulroney, the ex-prime minister of Canada. A third is Bechtel, the well-oiled conglomerate which became synonymous with the military-industrial complex during the Vietnam War. According to press reports, Bechtel has developed a massive plan to exploit the country's mineral resources, which it estimates to be worth \$157 billion.

Weighing even more heavily on policymakers' minds is DROC's geostrategic position at the center of Africa. Control of DROC's northeastern frontier puts one more brick in the wall around Sudan, an extremist Islamic state accused of sponsoring international terrorism. And control of DROC's southwestern flank denies Angolan rebel Jonas Savimbi the rear bases he depends upon. Savimbi, a cold war ally in the fight against communism in southern Africa, continues to disrupt oil and diamond extraction in the region and has become an impediment to U.S. officials intent on promoting that country's peace process.

Lost in the glitter of these economic and geopolitical prizes is any serious recognition of the region's underlying political and ethnic tensions. Ask an official what the U.S. will do if the much-delayed U.N. probe sent to investigate the massacres establishes Kabila's guilt, and you'll get an impatient answer about not prejudging the results of an investigation. In truth, the only question left isn't whether the massacres occurred—it's their scale. Is it 1,000 dead, 10,000, or 100,000?

The Congo needs refurbished roads and electrical plants; but, even more, it needs a new political compact, one that gives its citizens a reasonable hope of participating in a free and democratic process, thereby channeling abundant energies into peaceful and constructive outlets. The arrest last week of a popular general and a fracas between military forces in Kinshasa that left 18 soldiers dead is a portent of deepening ethno-regional tensions. Unless the international community, led by the United States, firmly pressures this government to move toward democracy, the eventual outcome will probably be another central African explosion.

DAVID ARONSON is an editor at the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace who visited DROC in June.

Gay-bashing by the numbers.

FALSE BENNETT

By Andrew Sullivan

Washington is the capital of awkward alliances, but few are more revealing than Bill Bennett's recent espousal of the work of one Paul Cameron. In an appearance on ABC's "This Week," and then in the pages of *The Weekly Standard*, Bennett has openly declared that research shows that the average life span for a male homosexual in America is 43 years. In the *Standard*, Bennett was so thrilled and shocked by this discovery that he repeated it in italics: "Forty-three."

The source for this information, as Bennett subsequently revealed, is a researcher named Paul Cameron. Loyal TNR readers will fondly remember this curious character. (See "Queer Science," by Mark Pietrzyk, October 3, 1994.) As Pietrzyk reported, Cameron was expelled by the American Psychological Association in 1983 for misrepresenting the findings of others and engaging in dubious research techniques. Among Cameron's "findings" are that 52 percent of male heterosexuals have shoplifted and that twelve percent have either attempted or committed murder. Over the years he has also argued that gay men are responsible for up

to one half of all child abuse cases (despite making up maybe two percent of the population), that they are ten to 20 times more likely to molest children than heterosexuals, and that fully half of all sex murderers are homosexuals. One of Cameron's "studies" included 41 gay men out of a total sample of 4,340 adults. Another was based on interviews with 34 serial killers. One of his "pamphlets" is illustrated by a photograph of an adult male arm dragging a small boy into a public restroom. This is what the former secretary of Education thinks is social science.

Bennett's favorite Cameron statistic—the average life span of 43 for all gay men—is based on obituaries from gay newspapers during the height of the AIDS epidemic. Useful for some things, that plague! But even then, the statistic is misleading. As any student of these papers knows, the obit sections—which scarcely existed before AIDS—are primarily ways to commemorate openly gay people who have died early deaths. (An indication of this is that the same study found that the average age of gay men who died of causes other than AIDS was 42.) These neighborhood papers—with very limited pages—in no way attempt to record all homosexual deaths, and rarely do so. In fact, there's no database, in a still-closeted world, that could. The statistic, in other words, is based on a skewed sample of a subset of homosexuals in a grotesquely atypical period. It's about as reliable as basing a statistical survey of death rates in the general population from people admitted to emergency rooms.

But this, in some respects, is hardly revealing. There have always been hate-filled cranks out there. What's revealing is that Bennett clearly couldn't care less about the source of his data. It's a great sound bite, the kind of thing that sticks in the mind, something that, even when it's exposed, carries a useful political punch. In the letters section of the *Standard*, Bennett cites not only Cameron for his early death point, but another man, this time with a medical degree: Jeffrey Satinover. Satinover has argued in print that all gay men are pathological and compulsive; that the most effective policy for them is a fundamentalist religious conversion; and that the Renaissance "could have just as easily been called 'The Great Death,'" since it killed off the anti-pagan hegemony of "Judeo-Christianity" in favor of modern science.

I have no idea whether Bill Bennett regrets the Renaissance, but there is little doubt about his facile use of "facts." Just as typical was Bennett's casual reference on "This Week" to "the great continuing interest of the homosexual male community into [sic] recruiting children into its ranks." Note the generalization. Bennett blithely accuses a whole group of people of wanting to commit the most heinous crime against innocents, with no evidence whatsoever. It was the device once used by anti-Semites. Why should it not now be used by a leading conservative intellectual? And among his "plain evidence" for this in the *Standard* were remarks by gay leaders condemning pedophilia! Go figure.

No, what's truly revealing is what he infers from his

recitation of a gay male life span of 43 years. Does he argue that this shocking "statistic" makes it more essential for gay men to practice safe sex? No: Bennett seems uninterested in that debate insofar as it pertains to gay men (and he has opposed safe-sex education for gay teens). Does he argue that gay men should be monogamous to cut down HIV transmission? Well, not if it means implementing any measures to foster gay monogamy, such as the right to marry or even domestic partnership. Does he argue that the social costs of AIDS make it even more vital to finance HIV research? Funny, Bennett hasn't exactly made a cause of that.

No, the only use Bennett makes of this statistic is that it helps prove that homosexuality is bad and should therefore be discouraged, or, rather that, "if you're a homosexual male in this country, it takes 30 years off your life." And what does he mean by this formulation? Does he believe that gay men choose their orientation and therefore need to be encouraged to make a heterosexual choice? No, he doesn't. On "This Week," he said: "I think the best state-of-the-art science right now is the belief that some people are hard-wired this way." His argument, rather, is that if we don't continue to marginalize homosexuals, then a few "wavering" bisexual men might be tempted to "choose" homosexuality and therefore be more likely to die off at the tender age of "forty-three." Or, in his words: "Some people make the choice, and there are a lot of people in the middle. If there are a lot of people in the middle, if there are a lot of waverers, we should be sending signals ... of what society needs to prefer. And it needs to prefer heterosexuality."

So let's get this straight (so to speak). What Bennett is really saying is that one group of citizens should be publicly stigmatized, denied the right to marry, legally fired at will from their jobs, expelled from the military despite exemplary service, and thrown to the dogs of an epidemic without any social incentives to help rescue them, merely *pour décourager les autres*. Has Bennett thought for a moment, I wonder, about the morality of this little piece of social engineering? Has his conscience even twitched a little at the thought of using some people's lives (and with AIDS, this is not a metaphor) to adjust the social signals sent to others? One is led to wonder, in fact, if Bennett isn't actually in favor of gay promiscuity, because it's a far more useful didactic tool for him than the discomfiting vision of stable, responsible, homosexual couples.

Imagine if Bennett had made the same argument about African Americans. In that case, there are, in fact, reliable statistics that show that the life span for blacks is significantly lower than that of whites. Imagine if Bennett got on television and declared this to be a scandal, but subsequently opposed any measures to alleviate it. Imagine, indeed, if he used that statistic to defend the right of someone not to hire a black person because one could reasonably infer that a black person would be more likely to get sick. Imagine, in the most apposite case, if he declared that, because of this statistic, black people should not be allowed to marry whites because

they would import into white society patterns of life-threatening behavior which need to be discouraged.

Well, the truth is: you can't imagine. Because all of those statements would be regarded as *prima facie* evidence of racism, and Bennett would instantly lose any credibility he once had. But with gay men and women, such statements are regarded as completely banal, and Bennett actually gains points among some conservatives for voicing them. He will argue—with a straight face—that he is not against civil rights for homosexuals, he just wants to tell them what is good for them. He believes, as he wrote in the *Standard*, that gay men and lesbians are entitled to rights "owed all Americans as Americans."

But that does not, apparently, include the right to serve one's country, a right granted to African Americans as a symbolic mark of their citizenship during the Revolutionary War and to heterosexual women and blacks equally this century. And it does not include the right not to be fired from one's job merely because one is gay, regardless of one's abilities. And it does not include the right not to be imprisoned because of private, consensual sex. And it does not include the right of mothers to the custody of their own children. And it does not include the right to visit a spouse of many years who is dying in an intensive care room. And it does not, critically, include the right to marry, a right declared by our Supreme Court to be one of the "basic civil rights of man," vested, again according to the Court, in the Declaration of Independence, prior to the Bill of Rights, and more fundamental even than the right to vote, a right guaranteed to murderers and prisoners and rapists and dead-beat dads and noncitizens, but not to gay and lesbian Americans for something that even Bennett concedes is "hard-wired" into their identity. "Rights owed all Americans as Americans"? The truth is, Bennett, consciously or unconsciously, believes the word "Americans" does not include gay men and women. It's clarifying to hear him say it.

He will also argue that he is not demonizing people, he is demonizing behavior. But if he means by that behavior promiscuity, does he not have a moral and intellectual obligation to propose something to tackle it? Would he think, for example, that mere lecturing would be enough for heterosexual men if they too had no right to marry their loved one? What, I wonder, would he think would happen among straights if marriage didn't exist, if, indeed, domestic partnership didn't exist, if their relationships were accorded no public recognition and acknowledgment, their children no legal rights to their parents, their commitment to each other no moral or social support? From Bennett's writings, I have no doubt what he thinks would happen: social chaos. But the incentives Bennett believes are essential for one segment of the society are to be ruled out of bounds for another. There is only one possible explanation for this. It is that Bennett considers gay men and women so beneath and beyond the concern of real society that it is incumbent upon him merely to echo the stigmas that perpetuate their exclusion. And if that isn't close to a definition of bigotry, then I don't know what is. •

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RISKY BUSINESS

By Robert Dreyfuss

Maybe Richard L. Bliss, a telecommunications engineer with the San Diego-based company Qualcomm, was minding his own business on November 25 when Russia's federal security service arrested him on espionage charges in the city of Rostov-on-Don. Accused of using high-tech gear, including surveillance equipment and a satellite receiver, to gather intelligence from a nearby military base and other "restricted sites," Bliss was arraigned and—following harsh protests from the State Department and a phone call to the Kremlin from Vice President Gore—released, albeit with the accused-spy version of "don't leave town," by Moscow authorities. Qualcomm, for its part, flatly denies involvement in espionage. And, based on the news so far, it seems unlikely Bliss was anything more than an innocent bystander caught up in the muted but still active U.S.-Russian spy wars.

But the Russian action is hardly far-fetched, given the CIA's risky strategy of forging links to American businesses and the agency's increasing use of business cover for its officers overseas. In the San Diego area, home to numerous defense, electronics, and biotech firms, Qualcomm is just one of several companies with whom the local CIA branch has made extensive contacts. "I can tell you that the CIA has met frequently with a variety of companies in San Diego to get a fix on international business," says Qualcomm's Daniel O. Pegg, senior vice president for public affairs. Qualcomm executives meet with CIA officers, although, he adds, it's strictly a courtesy: "We do not provide any information to the CIA in any form or fashion."

That may be true. But many other business executives have gone further. Some eagerly share with CIA officers information gleaned on overseas business trips; some volunteer for intelligence-gathering assignments in advance; and some individuals go all the way, pocketing regular CIA payments—often large sums—to act as intelligence gatherers overseas. On rare occasions, under the CIA's nonofficial cover (NOC) program, a company will even allow the agency to station a full-time agent abroad masquerading as an

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employee of the corporation's overseas subsidiary.

Does such cooperation put American businessmen overseas at risk, making them more likely targets for surveillance by foreign intelligence services or, worse, terrorists and kidnappers with a political agenda? Of course it does. "I can't speak to what other companies do, but I hope whatever they're doing doesn't compromise our situation," says Qualcomm's Pegg. "To the extent that it compromises the integrity of the average business guy in international marketing, it's not a practice that should be pursued." Years ago, protests from journalists and clergy caused the CIA for the most part to rule out the use of those professions in its overseas operations. By contrast, few corporate executives speak out against current practices—in part because at least some of them benefit from them.

Look through just about any telephone book in a major U.S. city, and there, among the government listings, you'll find an entry for the Central Intelligence Agency. That's the CIA's National Resources Division. Few Americans even know that this division exists, and the CIA will not even discuss its purpose or mission. But it has dozens of offices around the country, as many as 1,000 employees nationwide, and one of its jobs is to maintain relationships with American executives.

Of course, assembling files on Americans is exactly what got the CIA into trouble in the 1970s. In that era, the National Resources Division went by names like Domestic Contacts, Domestic Collection, and National Collection. It was cited by congressional committees and press reports for egregious abuses in the form of domestic spying operations aimed at anti-war dissidents and student radicals. Though the CIA has sworn off such unsavory practices since, the division is still a major component of the agency. During the 1990s, the Domestic Operations Branch of the agency merged with the Foreign Resources Division, which is responsible for recruiting foreign (non-U.S.) persons in the United States—say, foreign students or visiting businessmen—as spies.

Paul Borsuk, a New York management consultant, worked for the National Resources Division in the 1980s. At that time, he says, the New York City offices of the division had a staff of around 40 people, housed in a nondescript office in Manhattan, with no identifica-

tion on the door. Case officers assigned there would develop an ever-growing list of contacts among bankers and businesspeople. In New York alone, there were hundreds of names on the CIA's Rolodex, although many of them merited only occasional contact.

Often, Borsuk says, he would simply make cold calls to people who conducted business in parts of the world where the CIA had an interest and ask if they would like to meet periodically with a CIA officer who would debrief them. Other times, his boss would come up with a name, a volunteer, someone who would then become an informant for the CIA. Especially valuable contacts would at some point be asked to collect specific data, a process called "tasking." "If you're talking about an advanced stage where you have rapport and a long-term understanding, sure, you can say, sometimes quite explicitly, 'Listen, this is what my priorities are at the moment,'" recalls Borsuk. "You get a shopping list together."

Borsuk says the businesspeople knew they might be putting themselves at risk: "This is a high-risk investment," he laughs. "Only investors willing to lose the entirety of their investment should consider this offer." But there is something that the CIA doesn't tell its business contacts—namely, that it conducts secret background checks on the executives. According to another National Resources Division officer, the CIA keeps a file for each contact with "continual assessments on peoples' personality, likes, dislikes, patriotism, et cetera, made without their knowledge or consent." He adds mischievously: "I wonder, if they knew what was being collected on them, would they continue to cooperate?"

Part of the National Resource Division's new mission is economics. Even before the end of the cold war, the CIA started turning its attention increasingly to economic espionage. A great deal of the impetus in that direction came in the mid-1980s, from then-Director of Central Intelligence Bill Casey, who decided to hone some of the CIA's spying apparatus into a more efficient

database tracking international banking and finance, technology, and trade.

Casey created a special unit led by Jim Kelly, a former CIA station chief in Tokyo, to expand the work of the National Collection Division, as the resources division was then called, according to an account in *Eclipse: The Last Days of the CIA*, by Mark Perry. Today, according to a former CIA officer, Kelly runs the CIA's Office of Central Cover, which plays a key role in placing NOC officers overseas. The Office of Central Cover, in turn, works closely with the National Resources Division, which—through its many contacts within the U.S.

corporate world—helps recruit companies to provide cover for NOC officers. Well over 100 NOC officers are in place around the world, and many of them specialize in gleaning intelligence on economics, trade, and technology.

This has not always gone so smoothly. A few years ago, the French government rolled up a CIA economic espionage operation that involved several non-official cover officers based in Paris and Brussels. Partly as a result of that bungled operation, the CIA's nonofficial cover program has recently been the focus of inquiry by the Senate Intelligence Committee. And, as Qualcomm discovered, the fact that the CIA is known to use major

U.S. corporations to provide cover for professional CIA officers serving as NOCs means that foreign intelligence services—whether with hostile nations like Iraq, uneasy partners like Russia, or friends like Japan—must pay closer attention to the activities of American businessmen.

That's particularly true because of a highly specialized CIA program that recruits and trains so-called Diversified Cover Officers. According to Monte Overacre, a retired CIA official who died in a plane crash in Guatemala in 1995, these officers are businesspeople, often self-employed or freelance, who the CIA recruits as paid employees. These DCOs can be invaluable since they have often spent a lifetime acquiring credibility



DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

and contacts overseas, and they are paid accordingly, often six figures for what amounts to part-time work. "Many," said Overacre, "are ex-defense industry executives, engineers, and scientists, who have been consulting on the side or as a primary business for years." There are hundreds, he said, including a few "real jewels who have incredible access to some high-level officials in China, France, Germany, Iran, et cetera."

In all of this, the information flow is mostly one-way; that is, from corporate contacts and into the CIA. But sometimes it works the other way. At a recent conference held on a not-for-attribution basis, a very senior CIA operations official said that the agency uses the National Resources Division to provide critical information to business executives, especially in regard to counterintelligence about the threat of economic espionage carried out by other countries against American business targets. "The agency maintains contact with a lot of American companies, small, large, and in-between," the official said. "And we see what we can do to give them a discreet warning." What the CIA does deny, however, is that it gives U.S. firms secrets that would enable them to gain a competitive advantage over foreign firms.

Still, according to one insider, on at least several occa-

sions in recent years, the CIA has passed on information relating not to threats but to opportunities—information designed to give American firms a leg up on the competition. Though rare, the lure of such inside information is a powerful incentive for a corporate CEO to maintain open lines to the local CIA office.

While that might not sound like such a bad thing, the risks outweigh the benefits. Not only does the CIA's reliance upon business cover and its covert relationship with U.S. firms potentially raise suspicions about virtually any American businessman abroad, but most of those familiar with these operations question whether the whole effort produces anything of real value. There are, no doubt, a few secret tidbits of foreign economic intelligence that can be gathered only through spying. But economics is one area of modern life where, increasingly, most significant information can be obtained via so-called "open sources." More important, it is difficult to make the case that matters relating to economic competitiveness are serious enough to national security that they justify illegal, clandestine methods. At the CIA, part of its mantra is the need to "protect sources and methods." In this case, however, the method being protected may not really deserve protection at all. •

The real story of the Hollywood Ten.

BLACKLIST WHITEWASH

By Michael J. Ybarra

On October 28, 82-year-old screenwriter Paul Jarrico was driving to his home in Ojai, east of Santa Barbara, when his car veered off the Pacific Coast Highway and crashed into a tree. Jarrico was killed. "TRAGEDY," read the headline in *The Los Angeles Times*. "CRASH KILLS HOLLYWOOD BLACKLIST VICTIM PAUL JARRICO THE DAY AFTER HISTORIC APOLOGY WAS MADE."

Almost 50 years ago, Jarrico refused to tell the House Committee on Un-American Activities (HUAC) whether he had ever been a member of the Communist Party. Jarrico was, in fact, a party member, from the early '30s until 1958. Jarrico paid for his refusal by being banned from writing movie scripts under his own name for 17 years. But on the day before his death, Jarrico received a standing ovation at the Academy of Motion Picture Arts

and Sciences, where the four major entertainment guilds had gathered to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the Hollywood blacklist and to apologize for it. Once a pariah, Jarrico—like his surviving comrades—died a hero, a man celebrated as a courageous crusader who refused to compromise his principles and who devoted his last years to helping blacklisted writers gain credit for scripts they wrote under pseudonyms.

The media have been full of stories like Jarrico's of late; 1997 marked the fiftieth anniversary of the confrontation between HUAC and the group of Communist film industry figures known as the Hollywood Ten. Most of the coverage has followed the story line laid out at the Jarrico testimonial. In books, film festivals, television documentaries, radio dramatizations, and news articles—not to mention Hollywood's own self-flagellating extravaganza—the Hollywood Ten and other Communist writers and directors who refused to admit their party membership have been described as a small band

MICHAEL J. YBARRA is writing a book about Senator Pat McCarran and the transformation of American politics from the New Deal to McCarthyism.

of progressives who sacrificed their careers to defend the Constitution from a repressive government and a craven entertainment industry feverish with anti-communism.

The fact that the Hollywood Ten were all current or former members of the Communist Party, a fact which, for most of them, meant working on behalf of Joseph Stalin's regime, has been given short shrift. For example, the coauthor of Jarrico's obituary was Patrick Goldstein, who has written extensively on the blacklist for the *Times*. Indeed, a little over a week before Jarrico's death, Goldstein published two long anniversary pieces. The stories added up to almost 5,400 words, but Goldstein found space for only two oblique references to the character of the Communist Party: "dogmatic and sanctimonious," Goldstein allowed, "whose blustery speechifying cast them as ill-mannered ideologues." The cold war, which formed the bleak background for the blacklist saga, received even less attention.

To compound the distortion, the only rebuttals have come from the ideological right. "It's revolting to see the 'blacklisted' Communist writers portrayed as idealistic victims," Michael Berliner, director of the Ayn Rand Institute, complained to the *Times*. "These pathetic apologists for Stalin deserved much worse than they received. They were propagandizing for a Soviet regime that was enslaving and murdering millions of people and, for a time, engaging in a pact with Adolf Hitler."

As a result, a great opportunity for sober historical understanding has been squandered. But it's not too late to explore a more nuanced view of those long-ago events. What's needed is an analysis in the spirit of liberal anti-communism. For the liberal anti-Communists of that era, the blacklist was a nightmare, too. But their agony had nothing to do with a Hollywood morality tale in which a group of American dissidents became martyrs for free speech. Rather, it was a wrenching time when legitimate concerns about internal security squared off against the principled liberal belief in individual rights.

In the end, no satisfactory resolution to this dilemma was ever found. The House Un-American Activities Committee was a collection of clumsy extremists who were as interested in discrediting the New Deal and liberalism as they were in ferreting out real subversion. But the government's effort to bolster internal security—however horrendously flawed—was a response to a genuine Soviet threat. Yes, most of the original blacklisted did suffer. But they did so in support of a cause that was neither benign nor remotely "progressive." It is in on-balance judgments such as these, not in moral absolutes retailed by today's ostentatiously repentant Hollywood, or by the media, that the real lessons of the blacklist are to be found.

"I was pretty well-known as left of center, considerably left of center," Jarrico told PBS's "NewsHour" a few days before the October anniversary event. "There was no secret about my political orientation." Jarrico's self-description went unchallenged by "NewsHour" interviewer Elizabeth Farnsworth. But it was, at best, half true. According to his own account in *Tender Comrades*, a

recently published oral history of the Hollywood Communists by Patrick McGilligan and Paul Buhle, Jarrico joined the Young Communist League during the 1933-1934 academic year while he was a sophomore at UCLA. At the time, the American Communists—previously a squabbling band of inept revolutionaries controlled by Moscow—were showing signs of strength, thanks mainly to the frustration sowed by the Great Depression. Many Americans believed capitalism's death was imminent—and that communism was a viable alternative. Jarrico was one of them. In *Tender Comrades* he recalls: "The Communist Party was not a revolutionary organization, not in the period when I was in it. It was a reformist organization, and for most of the years I was in it, it was the tail to the liberal-Democratic kite."

The party led marches, demanded unemployment insurance, and organized strikes. It also violently disrupted the meetings of rival socialists, dismissed the New Deal as American fascism, and demanded rigid doctrinal adherence from its members. It was only during August 1935, by which time Jarrico had already joined the party proper, that Moscow allowed U.S. Communists to ally themselves with other non-Communist left-wing groups.

This Popular Front strategy, as it was known, sparked dramatic growth: many liberals joined front groups dedicated to fighting fascism and racial discrimination, and even a windbag like party chief Earl Browder could sell out Madison Square Garden. But party members still had to wear ideological blinders: they ignored Stalin's show trials and the mass executions of old Bolsheviks just as they obediently opposed U.S. intervention against Hitler once Stalin signed the 1939 Nazi-Soviet Pact. Party members even attacked Lillian Hellman's play, *Watch on the Rhine*, in 1940 because of its anti-Nazi theme; they started praising it once Hitler invaded Russia and Moscow became a U.S. ally against Germany. This second Popular Front period lasted no longer than the first. In 1945, Moscow deposed Browder for attempting to liberalize the party, and the FBI began learning about a Soviet espionage network in the U.S. which included American Communists.

For a free nation fighting a cold war, the dual nature of American communism posed a genuine, and probably insoluble, dilemma: the party was both a totalitarian organization in the thrall of a foreign enemy power and a political organization whose existence as such was protected by the Constitution. To ban or repress the party would have been illiberal and undemocratic; to blithely tolerate it, imprudent. Truman and many liberal anti-Communists believed the best answer was to let the FBI monitor the party and prosecute its members if they broke laws against subversion or espionage; conservatives, however, believed that the party needed to be crippled and exposed before Moscow's minions launched a revolution.

The conservatives won. In March 1947, President Truman issued Executive Order 9835, which created a government loyalty program to investigate all two million

federal employees. (The anniversary of this much more significant event, by the way, has gone largely unmarked.) The order went far beyond merely inquiring into the trustworthiness of employees in sensitive positions. It cast a drift net through which few personal associations or beliefs could pass unexamined.

To many historians, Truman's loyalty order was a watershed event in the development of McCarthyism (although it would take another three years for the Wisconsin senator to lend his name to the phenomenon), a signal to the rest of the country that only eternal vigilance could save the nation from the potential wreckers within its midst. It's one of the sad ironies and messy complications of the period that Truman didn't believe this, that he realized the true scale of the internal threat—worrisome, not mortal—but was goaded into appeasing the right, only to find his administration accused later of being soft on communism.

It was in this context that HUAC Chairman J. Parnell Thomas called to the stand the first of the witnesses who would become known as the Hollywood Ten. The date was October 27, 1947. John Howard Lawson, the arch-Stalinist commissar of the Hollywood party, set the tone for the rest of the hearing. "For a week this committee has conducted an illegal and indecent trial of American citizens," Lawson began, in a written statement that Thomas refused to let him read. (It was soon released to the press.)

Lawson refused to answer questions about whether he belonged to the Screen Writers Guild or the Communist Party, claiming a First Amendment right to silence rather than the Fifth Amendment right against self-incrimination which would have been more stigmatizing. "I am not on trial here, Mr. Chairman," he barked. "This committee is on trial." Thomas had Lawson physically thrown off the stand; the rest of the Ten followed the same script, refusing to talk about the party, but comparing the committee to the Nazis, warning that its hearings were a threat to the rights of everyone, from Protestants to Republicans, and predicting the opening of American concentration camps.

This performance earned the Ten their present status as martyrs who suffered so that all Americans could be free from a government bent on prying into their beliefs. "Moral exemplars," Victor Navasky called them in *Naming Names*: "They taught us how to act, and as a result appear to have made it more difficult to happen again." In fact, however, these very same Hollywood Communists were ruthless in suppressing dissent within their own ranks. Hollywood Communists were quick to savage their comrades for writing scripts, or even reading books, that were at odds with the party's prescriptions; sometimes even the same work would be viewed differently as the party line changed.

In 1946, Hollywood Ten member Albert Maltz published an article in the communist journal *New Masses* called "What Shall We Ask of Writers?" wherein he suggested that artists must put art above politics. His friends in the party attacked him viciously for doctrinal heresy;

two months later, Maltz recanted his impermissible views in another *New Masses* piece. More than a decade later, Maltz did a similar, less celebrated, somersault over *Doctor Zhivago*. He wrote a praising review of Pasternak's classic during the Krushchev thaw, then criticized it after Krushchev's downfall.

One of the great distortions of the blacklist anniversary is that the Hollywood Communists put conscience above comfort. The reality is that, in the main, they spent their workweek as Hollywood writers, turning out product for big bucks, benefiting immensely from a system they supposedly despised. Outside of the office, they were party hacks, whose fealty to principle never quite equaled their fealty to the party line.

Lionel Stander, who never joined the party because he considered himself to the left of it, helped to raise money for striking farm workers in the 1930s; when he was blacklisted in the 1950s, he went to work on Wall Street because it was the only kind of job he could find that paid as well as Hollywood did. In 1983, at the time when he gave an interview to the authors of *Tender Comrades*, he was playing Max the chauffeur on TV's "Hart to Hart" and still explaining why Stalin's crimes never bothered him.

Another fashionable misconception about the Hollywood Communists is that they obeyed their consciences rather than yield to the threats of authority. But this, too, is debatable. In the first place, the decision not to cooperate was a collective one reached before the hearings began. A few suggested that the group honestly declare and defend its beliefs as Communists. "Let us at least be as brave as the people we write about," Sam Ornitz, who wrote some two dozen minor films, once said. Edward Dmytryk, who received a nomination for the "best director" Oscar for *The Caine Mutiny*, maintains in his recent memoir, *Odd Man Out*, that the hardcore Communists in the group—he suspects at Moscow's behest—pressured the lukewarm and disaffected former members into a united front of noncooperation and confrontation. Which would mean that in defying Washington's authority, the Ten were obeying Stalin's.

The decision, in any event, served both the interests of the Ten and the party. Even if their politics were not exactly a secret, no one publicly pledging his alliance to the party could expect much work in an industry predicated on not offending middle America. An avowal of their true politics would also have ruined their efficacy as Communists. Party members were most effective when they could operate as political chameleons, organizing or infiltrating unions or front groups that could attract large numbers of people who would have shied away from any such groups openly dominated by Communists. Admitting their party membership would have been ruinous to both their careers and their cause.

The First Amendment stratagem promised to elide these difficulties. It also promised a propaganda windfall for the Soviet Union by exposing the U.S. as repressive

and hypocritical. By all accounts, the Ten expected the Supreme Court to overturn their contempt citations. Unfortunately for the Ten—and probably for the country as well—their hypocritical faith in at least one pillar of liberal democracy was misplaced. The court refused to hear the case and the Ten went to prison, two for six months, the rest for a year. “We didn’t know how hot the water was,” Dalton Trumbo admitted to Navasky.

By the time HUAC resumed its hearings on Hollywood in early 1951, the world had become a lot more scary: Alger Hiss had been convicted of perjury, the party leadership had been convicted of advocating the violent overthrow of the U.S. government, China had gone Communist, the Soviets had exploded an atomic bomb, the Rosenbergs had been arrested for stealing atomic secrets, Joe McCarthy had become a household name, and the Korean War had broken out.

Against this darkling backdrop, the blacklist began in earnest. Hundreds were called before HUAC. Those who talked openly about themselves and their comrades were able to save their careers; those who took the Fifth Amendment could escape a contempt citation but found themselves on the blacklist. “If you were named, whether falsely or not, you had two choices and only two,” Jarrico said. “You could accept or pretend to accept the basic assumption of McCarthyism—that Communists were traitors—and plead that you were a dupe or a dope, and clear yourself by naming others. Or you could stand on the constitutional amendments that give you the right to speak out, the right to remain silent, and the right to believe any damn thing you want to believe. For those who were genuinely pissed off at the party but reluctant to name others, the choice must’ve been difficult. For a person like me, a true-blue red, the choice was easy.”

But for most non-Stalinists, the choice was not so easy. Careers were at stake, and many disaffected Communists saw no reason to suffer as defenders of a party that in practice debased everything it stood for in theory. “Defending the Communist Party was something worse than naming the names,” said Dmytryk, who cooperated with the committee after serving his sentence for contempt. “I did not want to remain a martyr to something that I absolutely believed was immoral and wrong.”

In many ways, the committee was the mirror image of the party it was out to break: in enforcing its own rigid political orthodoxy, HUAC insisted that a cooperative witness prove his commitment to democracy by exposing his former comrades, who in some cases were not die-hard Stalinists, but mere dilettantes. If a witness took the Fifth Amendment, whether to protect himself or others, the committee’s purpose was still served; groups like the American Legion would hound the presumed Communist, and no studio would touch him. Thrust into this conundrum, some—notably Lillian Hellman and Arthur Miller—tried to steer a middle course, offering to talk about their waltz with the party but refusing to discuss others, which still left them open to prosecution for contempt.

Hollywood has actually managed to get this much of the blacklist story right: it was an awful and degrading time. And HUAC opened a great moral wound on the country—one on a par with the wound inflicted by the Communists themselves. As Richard Rovere put it: “The investigators and the investigated have seemed richly to deserve each other.”

Paul Jarrico left the party two years after Khrushchev upended the communist world by revealing Stalin’s crimes in his 1956 secret speech—which was sort of like waiting for the verdict in the Nuremberg trials before deciding to quit the Nazi Party. At the 1997 blacklist event the day before his fatal accident, Jarrico gave a speech denouncing America’s history of Indian genocide, racial bigotry, and political intolerance, as well as Hollywood’s own craven past. “Our brutal history defines patriotism as: ‘My country right or wrong,’” he concluded. “Our noble history defines it as: ‘My country: right the wrong.’ Right the wrong. It may take another fifty years, but we shall overcome. The good guys will win.”

Meanwhile, Hollywood has its own blacklist, and it consists of those who broke ranks and named names. Consider Elia Kazan, one of the industry’s undisputed titans, the director of *A Streetcar Named Desire* and *On the Waterfront*, the winner of three Oscars, and the great film auteur who discovered James Dean and Marlon Brando. In 1952, he cooperated with HUAC and even took out a page in *The New York Times* to explain why. “Secrecy serves the Communists,” he wrote. “[W]e must never let the Communists get away with the pretense that they stand for the very things which they kill in their own countries.”

Today’s Hollywood cannot forgive him. In January, the American Film Institute and the Los Angeles Film Critics Association denied Kazan a lifetime achievement award—one of several times he’s been denied such honors. But, in August, Cinecon, a well-respected national organization of film buffs, flew in Hitler’s favorite filmmaker, 95-year-old Leni Riefenstahl, to receive its annual film achievement award. Riefenstahl, best known for her 1934 cinematic celebration of the Third Reich, *The Triumph of the Will*, was greeted with applause by a crowd of 1,000 people. She signed autographs and posed for pictures. “It’s too much honor,” she said.

The same could easily be said of the blacklist anniversary. In spite of their own doctrinal contempt for bourgeois liberties, the Hollywood Communists may have defended important constitutional rights. They did not, however, do it with much dignity, and their motives appeared as self-serving as those of anyone who named names later. To treat the Hollywood Communists as freedom fighters is to mistake their subterfuge for principle, to view an accidental alignment of ethics and expediency as a sign of a deeper commitment to liberty. Today, Hollywood honors its Communists who brought little honor to themselves, while it ostracizes anyone who acted on behalf of different convictions. Perhaps it is time for silence once again. •

BOOKS & The Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on Films

A Visit, A Voyage

As if Emma Thompson weren't enough of a gift from heaven, now we have her mother, too, Phyllida Law. And the two of them in the same film, playing daughter and mother! Law is a highly experienced actress in British theater and TV and film, but **The Winter Guest** (Fine Line) is the first time she has had a prominent role in a picture seen here, and it's certainly our first chance to see her play her daughter's mother.

When she and Thompson are on screen together, it's almost possible to discern what Law was and what Thompson will be. Apart from this quasi-familial pleasure, Law quickly shows herself to be an actress of truth and chuckle, all controlled with sure technique. Familiarity helps: in this script derived from a play by Sharman Macdonald, Law plays a role that she originated in the theater.

Macdonald co-wrote the screenplay with the distinguished actor Alan Rickman (of *Sense and Sensibility*), who, we're told, had a hand in urging Macdonald to write the original play. Here Rickman makes his directing debut, which is another blessing. Unsurprisingly, his work with the cast is subtle and precise, but he also has an extraordinary eye. The film's setting is a snowbound Scottish coastal village, and perhaps that is what prompted a northern "view" like Bergman's, austere and crisp. Yet, with his outstanding cinematographer, Seamus McGarvey, Rickman also suggests certain Japanese filmmakers—Ozu, Imamura—with a sense that many shots have been incised, not photographed, and with a tendency toward the rectilinear, straight lines used vertically and horizontally. The

result is the optimum: the film looks like what it's about.

Thompson plays a photographer whose husband, powerful in her life, has recently died. She lives with her adolescent son, and her mother has arrived unexpectedly, presumably to help in some way. Relations between Law and her grandson are warm; relations between mother and daughter are fairly normal—easily tapped antagonisms and (even) rivalries, overlying a base of tacit love.

The film knits various strands in and around the village: the son's first encounter with sex, endearing rather than successful; Thompson's attempts to accept, rather than change, the anomie of her widowhood; Law's attempts to be both reserved and available. There's a sort of chorus of two middle-aged women waiting for a bus, taking the bus, and showing up at a church service. There's a charming encounter between Law and a boy sitting by a small fire amidst the rocks, with Thompson chancing along to take their picture. There's that boy later wandering out over the frozen sea into

the mist.

The trouble with the film is that, though these and other matters are handled exquisitely, they portend more than what eventually arrives. Throughout, we feel that a film so delicately written and acted must be headed toward some revelation of theme, some purpose in its design. But nothing arrives. At the last we are left with only its beauty of execution, which is very much but not enough. We haven't witnessed a drama: like Law, we have just paid a visit.

Still, *The Winter Guest* is a pleasure to watch, if only (but not only) for the chance to see Thompson. She is a continually revealing artist. Whenever she appears—as Beatrice in *Much Ado About Nothing* or Elinor in *Sense and Sensibility* or this photographer—we see a woman so completed by the performer that, through the years, Thompson becomes awesomely protean. The shadows in this recently bereaved photographer flow through Thompson's performance in constant struggle to subdue her health, as if she were paying a tribute to loss. Even such a moment as her very first scene, asleep in the morning, alone in a double bed, burrowing into pillows, marks the arrival of a perceived character.

Surely someone has counted all the books and films about the *Titanic*, and I'm glad I don't know the result. A Broadway musical about it is now running. And here is the latest film, **Titanic** (Paramount-20th Century Fox), reportedly the most expensive picture ever made.

Reasons for the story's interest are not obscure. The luxurious *Titanic* was called unsinkable, the safest ship ever built; and it went down on its maiden voyage in April 1912, four days after it had sailed from Southampton for New York. Within a few hours of hitting an iceberg, dabs of caviar on special dinnerware had given way to life jackets in the freezing Atlantic. The contrast is hypnotic, especially when we know, as the passengers did not, what is going to happen—from the golden salons down to the crowded steerage. The whole story is

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Amistad. In 1839, a shipload of mutinied slaves is tried in the U.S.—to determine whether they shall be freed or returned to their owners. A splendid cast, under Steven Spielberg's accomplished direction. (Reviewed 12/22/97) **The Sweet Hereafter.** A town haunted by the loss of many of its children in a bus accident. Ian Holm as a lawyer who tries to help. Clean, sharp, strong. (12/8/97) **Will It Snow for Christmas?** Life on a French farm, with a sturdy mother and her seven children. We share their lives. (12/15/97) **The Wings of the Dove.** Two of Henry James's three principal characters are well depicted, and the atmosphere is excellent. (12/1/97)—SK

a relentless reminder that death is always there pawing at the portholes, and that it takes very little—one miscalculation in this case—to render the most resplendent order into primal chaos, then into nullity.

And there's something else. The twentieth century dawned as the peak of all centuries: the western world was confident, accomplished, bound for a future of unlimited glory. The *Titanic* was as good a symbol as any of the century's early afflatus, and it had no sooner appeared than it was destroyed by human error. The disaster can be seen as an instance of the gods reproving hubris or, if you prefer, of the self-deceptions of ego. The pride and the smugness that created the *Titanic* and its fate seem to me not completely disparate from the larger prides and smugnesses that brought about World War I two years later.

In order to make this film, a story had to be invented. James Cameron, the writer-director, has used an old formula with a new twist. In the ocean-bottom wreckage of the ship—I assume the year is post-1985, when the salvage crews descended—a drawing is found of a nude young woman wearing a diamond pendant. The drawing is published in newspapers. A very old woman telephones the salvage ship to say that she is the girl in the drawing. She is flown to the ship and tells the crew her story.

She is played by Gloria Stuart, an American screen beauty of the 1930s, now completely winning. Her account is the film, through flashback, a tale of the girl's engagement, arranged by her mother, to a very rich man whom she doesn't greatly like, and of her encounter with a dashing young artist in steerage. The resulting triangle is collapsed by the iceberg, and eventually the mystery of the diamond pendant is resolved.

The dialogue and characters of the main story are completely predictable, presented with an air that we would want a predictable story because our interest is elsewhere—as it certainly is. We just need enough actors and plot to make the film possible. Kate Winslet as the young woman is so heavily made-up that her face seems lacquered into place. Leonardo DiCaprio as the artist is insubstantial, lightweight in every regard. Billy Zane, as the rich fiancé, at least gives some color to the slightly sadistic millionaire.

But with the ship, with its totality of people, Cameron is wizardly, creating an entire society threading through the various strata of a world that has been set afloat from the rest of the world. The editors, headed by Conrad Buff, are dextrous past dexterity, acute to pace and necessity in this long film. The really cru-

cial element is an element—the sea, especially when it savagely invades the ship. Bursting through gaps in the hull, rushing down corridors, licking at rooms, triumphing over great ballrooms and tiny

closets, down stairways and into elevators, the sea, in the hands of Cameron and his technical associates, becomes hungry, vindictive. The Atlantic seems enraged by the word “unsinkable.” •

Jed Perl on Art

Setting the Stage

At least since the Renaissance, painters, writers, composers, and choreographers have fantasized about an art that would unite all the arts, and when these imaginings have come closest to becoming reality it has generally been within the framing device of the theatrical stage. The theater brings together sight and sound, movement and metaphor; it is a place where all the arts can join forces, at least theoretically, to achieve a single goal. Of course the reality is always more complex, because sometimes talents fail to mesh, or various media prove irreconcilable, or a presiding genius obliterates all collaborators. In retrospect, the riskiness of even the soundest artistic alliances is underscored by their ephemeral nature. What remains after the audience has gone home—script, score, costume, set, sketch, memoir, photograph, or videotape—almost inevitably represents the suggestive parts rather than the glorious whole. But even these fragments can exert a powerful attraction, for while we know from experience that each art form follows its own logic, our visceral responses to the greatest painting, music and dance tell us that ultimately there are a few sky-high places where art can go.

“Design, Dance and Music of the Ballets Russes, 1909-1929,” at the Wadsworth Atheneum in Hartford, Connecticut this fall, was about a time when the fantasy of a unity of the arts felt within reach, and maybe, on certain nights in the theaters where Serge Diaghilev's company was performing, actually became a reality. At the end of the nineteenth century, Diaghilev had visited Wagner's Bayreuth almost annually, and two decades later he forged something like Wagner's *Gesamtkunstwerk*, but in the heterodox atmosphere of 20th-century Paris. The glue that held together the variegated talents of Cocteau, Satie, Picasso, and Massine in *Parade* (1917), or of Derain, Respighi (adapting Rossini) and Massine in *La Boutique Fantasque* (1919), owed much to the star power of the dancers—

and the adrenaline of a sophisticated audience primed for a new experience.

Most of the Ballets Russes events—including many that had a strong pictorial component, such as Stravinsky's *Le Chant du Rossignol* (1920), with sets by Matisse and choreography by Massine, or *Jack-in-the-Box* (1926), in which Derain and Balanchine worked together—now exist only in such fragmentary form that attempts to assess the quality of the collaborations can be counted wishful thinking. And when there is so little concrete evidence, serious reservations that have been raised about the painters' participation can't exactly be refuted. André Levinson, the greatest dance critic of the period, announced in 1918 that “the fact is the painterly side of a production contradicts drama's basic characteristic and essence: movement, development, dynamic.” That was before the major School of Paris painters got really involved. Later counterarguments were made, as when Cocteau suggested that Braque's sets for *Les Fâcheux* were so dynamic, so full of movement, that they became a kind of choreography that eclipsed Nijinska's.

There *has* to be high drama when visual artists of the caliber of Picasso, Matisse, Braque, Derain, and Gris devote large amounts of time and energy to the dance. The Wadsworth Atheneum, which has the finest single collection of material in this field, is surely the place to explore some of the elements that were involved. Much of its treasure trove of designs for costumes, scenery, posters, and programs was purchased in 1933 from Serge Lifar, a Ballets Russes star and Diaghilev's lover for much of the '20s. In recent decades, the Atheneum has further enriched its holdings, especially in costumes. True, the collection is spotty in some areas—it does not include any material relating to *Parade*, the work that marked Picasso's debut at the ballet—but there were a few original costumes on display in Hartford that could singlehandedly resurrect the temper of an age.

Juan Gris's *Costume for a Herald* comes out of a time when the giddy prosperity of the '20s became a hall of mirrors for artists, with whole lost epochs flashing into view. Gris cast his resurrection of the geometric formality of the court of Louis XIV in through-the-mists-of-memory tones of mauve, gray, ivory, silver, and gold; he gives the sculptural actuality of the costume, with its crisply delineated panels, a painterly nostalgia. This fancifully dressed-up herald, whose almost absurdly beautiful livery suggests a delicious androgyny, stands at attention, tooting on a golden metal horn. He is a Cubist's version of a Baroque boy toy.

Working in the midst of a fashionable revival of interest in seventeenth-century costume and especially the work of Jean Bérain, Gris took the Cubist's feeling for the geometrized universe of Poussin into the theatrical realm, and found another arena in which to play with a modern idea about the all-too-human appeal of an impersonal kind of order. This costume, originally designed for Boris Kochno's ballet *Les Tentations de la Bergère*, was first used in a pageant that Diaghilev organized at Versailles in 1923. "The theater for which Bérain and his fellows designed costumes," Levinson wrote two years later, "was aloof, abstract, removed to an heroic plane but splendidly human." And that paradoxical spirit, which Cubism had probably prepared twentieth-century Parisians to recognize in seventeenth-century décor, saturates Gris's Herald, who is so grave and so adorable.

Alexander Schouvaloff wrote the detailed catalog of the collection, which has just been published by Yale. (The show was organized by three curators in Hartford.) Acting as archaeologist and historian, he has produced entries of great sensitivity on work that ranges from a late version of the Léon Bakst costume that Nijinsky had originally worn for *Le Spectre de la rose* (1911), to Bakst's costumes for Diaghilev's legendary 1921 production of *The Sleeping Beauty* (called *The Sleeping Princess*), to Derain's designs for *Jack-in-the-Box*. Yet no show could do justice to the multiple factors that underlay this period of intense (and often far-from-

effective) collaborations. The basic plot, though, is simple. Diaghilev gradually shifted from productions based on the design talents of his Russian compatriots, especially Alexandre Benois and Léon Bakst, to an increased involvement with School of Paris painters, for many of whom he provided their first involvement with the theater. Behind this bare outline, there is the more complicated story of how Diaghilev made the one-act ballet, with its fully integrated vision of dance, music and design, into the model for theatrical dancing in the West.



ALEXANDRA DANILOVA AND STANISLAS IDZIKOWSKI.
JACK-IN-THE-BOX, 1926, COSTUMES BY ANDRÉ DERAÏN

For artists such as Matisse, Picasso, and Derain, who had been collapsing illusionistic space in their own work in the years just after 1900, the stage held the fascination of a return to the deep box of air that they had left behind. But for choreographers, the elaboration of the décor could become an inhibition to the dance—sometimes literally, when costumes restricted movement. One of the main attractions in Hartford was a group of costumes designed by de Chirico for *Le Bal* (1929), which marked Balanchine's first attempt at choreographing a young-man-meets-fate-at-a-party ballet. You only had to look at these magnifi-

cantly fantastic inventions, in which de Chirico turns men and women into architectural conceits—bristling with columns and capitals, bursting with his creepy Baroque fecundity—to see what Balanchine was in flight from later on, when he taught New York to expect practice clothes and an empty stage.

Everyone agrees that Diaghilev came closest to his dream of a fully integrated theatrical art in his joinings of music and dance, especially in some of his collaborations with Stravinsky, which achieved an intricacy, flexibility, and concentration that had very few precedents.

Diaghilev never joined the visual arts to dance or music with that kind of hand-in-glove intensity; yet he was acting out of the most serious motives when he gambled that he could. Before Diaghilev devoted himself to the ballet, he had a part in introducing a modern approach to painting to Russian eyes with *World of Art*, the magazine that he published in St. Petersburg. For Diaghilev, painting was a key to dance. One of the gifts he sent to Lifar when he was studying with the ballet master Enrico Cecchetti in Italy was a package of "pamphlets containing reproductions of paintings by about twenty famous artists." In his autobiography, Lifar recalls that later Diaghilev took him to see the Giotto's in Padua, where "our two souls met together more than ever in an upsurge towards the Beautiful." It was after seeing the Giotto's that Lifar's "destiny was sealed": he would be a commanding presence on the stage.

And if painting could do that for a dancer, why would Diaghilev not have expected that there were things that dancers and choreographers could do for artists, too? In *World of Art*, Diaghilev had remarked that "paintings either have merit or they don't, regardless of what style they belong to." He was saying that there were certain structural constants; and he carried that principle into the theater when he joined forces with Michel Fokine to create ballets that might be Oriental or folkloric or classical in feel, but were always guided by an idea of the complete coherence and integrity of everything that the audience would see.

The painters who went to see the Ballets Russes from 1910 onwards (and it seems that all of them did) may initially have been struck less by Diaghilev's deep visual culture than by his ability to give a theatrical spin to some of their recent discoveries. The green and orange color scheme of *Schéhrazade* (1910) revolutionized Parisian taste in fashion and interior décor, but painters were well aware that Bakst's Eastern, or "barbaric," palette would have been unimaginable if the Fauves hadn't put such colors in their paintings half a decade earlier. Picasso (according to Stravinsky) called *Schéhrazade* a masterpiece, but Matisse counted Bakst's schemes arbitrary, an "avalanche of color" that had "no force": Salon Fauvism. We will probably never know exactly what these artists thought about the ballet before they became directly involved; probably their thoughts were barely formed. By 1913, however, the painters had to be aware that Nijinsky, in his choreography for *L'Après-midi d'un faune*, *Jeux*, and *Le Sacre du Printemps*, was drawing on archaic Greek sculpture, Gauguin's Tahitian compositions, and maybe folk art, as he rethought the basis of figurative expression. And at that point, there was no longer a question of theater people borrowing effects from painters. Now painters and dancers were together digging down to the foundations of Western art.

The argument that Picasso and the rest of them were selling out the modern revolution when they took up with Diaghilev was well advanced by 1920, and it has never really gone away. Yet the closer you look at the synergy between the Ballets Russes and the artists, the clearer it becomes that painters of the caliber of Picasso and Matisse were finding in the dance world a new key to the inner logic of their art. By the time that these painters began to work in the theater, they knew that they were not going to follow their own most radical revolutions into what seemed to some like the next logical step of pure abstract painting. And dance, a kind of abstraction that was nevertheless centered on the figure, that bedrock of Western art, must have had a deep, instinctive appeal. Dancers and choreographers understood that even the most startling innovations of the Ballets Russes were grounded in very old ideas about movement. That feeling of groundedness in tradition would make sense to artists who, after the structural breakthroughs of Fauvism and Analytic Cubism, were thinking that all this would have been impossible without Poussin, Corot, and Cézanne, and that maybe the time was ripe to reexamine their ancestors, too.

Ballet presented a classical paradigm that couldn't be understood if all you

saw were toe shoes and elegant poses. The discipline of the dancer, who submits to the strictest kind of daily regimen in the hope of finally bursting onto the stage as a unique individual, was the perfect metaphor for artistic originality. Classicism in ballet was grounded in the logic of the body. So was classicism in Western painting. The painters saw the connection. After World War I, when Matisse was designing the misty chinoiserie of *Le Chant du Rossignol* for Diaghilev, he was also entering upon what was arguably to be the closest, most exacting study of the nude in his entire career. He was taking his own kind of daily class.

In 1919, Matisse said "I want to depict the typical and the universal at the same time." He might have been describing what a dancer does. The mystery of ballet was that an impersonal discipline could reveal personality. Matisse's paintings of the '20s, in which the figure is more and more the form that, through the complexity of its muscular articulation, makes us understand the space, may present a distant analogue to what Balanchine began to do with the body a few years later. And it could be that the riot of red and green in Matisse's odalisques of the mid '20s was, among many other things, a comment on *Schéhrazade*, with Nijinsky's uncoiling Slave replaced by a voluptuous woman.

In *Picasso Theatre*, the best book ever written about the painters and the Ballets Russes, Douglas Cooper says that working with dancers "gave Picasso a unique opportunity to observe the human body in action, to draw freely from live models, and to take note of expressive poses and gestures." Both Matisse and Derain drew from the nude on a more regular basis, yet they were also fascinated by the intensely specialized nature of dance movement. By the early '20s, the idea of dancers as people who create out of the very essence of their being, which is their physicality, seems to have been on painters' minds, at least if we can trust Cocteau. Writing of Braque's décor for *Les Fâcheux*, Cocteau spoke of Braque as if he were a dancer. "He enters naked, an athlete sure of his beauty after twelve years in the stadium. He hides his calculations under firm flesh. He does not show his skeleton, which in an artist must be considered the only offense against modesty."

Picasso, Derain, and Matisse, who for a time were the Big Three of Parisian art, each had his distinct yet overlapping relation to the ballet. Picasso had been there first, and his five Diaghilev commissions probably had the most lasting impact on popular perceptions of the modern artist and the ballet. Yet it

may have been André Derain, in the clarity and the sheer craft of his work, who suggested that a large pictorial imagination could achieve theatrical professionalism. In his own work Derain had already explored a vast range of historical styles, and as the Parisian master who had the deepest commitment to stylistic pluralism as a modern revelation, he was instinctively attracted to the kaleidoscopic nature of a Ballets Russes kind of theatrical imagination.

Picasso and Derain immersed themselves in the theater. In his book on *The Diaghilev Ballet in London*, Cyril Beaumont recounts that Derain would create little drawings of faces, which the dancers kept in their dressing rooms to use in putting on their makeup. At the premier of *Le Tricorne*, Picasso appeared on stage "accompanied by a stage-hand carrying a tray of grease paint," and he did some of the dancers' makeup himself: the face was a canvas. There is a book that remains to be written about these catalytic encounters, even the ones whose immediate results were less than sublime.

In Picasso's, Matisse's, and Derain's encounters with the Ballets Russes, you see different kinds of classicism. Picasso's is ironic and historicist, a matter not of essences but of surfaces. For Picasso at the time of *Parade*, as Douglas Cooper explains, stagecraft was a way of dealing with "the connection between Cubist reality, visible reality and the accepted pictorial reality of the naturalistic illusion." Matisse's classicism is more abstract than Picasso's, closer in some respects to the root-cause neoclassicism that Stravinsky and Balanchine would consolidate with *Apollon Musagète* in 1928. And to the ironic classicism of Picasso and the abstract classicism of Matisse, Derain opposed a stealth classicism. His studies for the *Jack-in-the-Box* costumes, with their flat folk-art color, may strike us as having little to do with ballet tradition. A moment later, though, we realize that Derain is that rarest of artists who has actually thought about his designs in terms of the arm, hand, leg, and foot placements of classical dance.

Derain was a man of paradoxes. He valued equally surface and structure, fantasy and reality; and in the theater his paradoxes could work, because here paradox was an everyday reality. *Jack-in-the-Box*, the second of his Diaghilev ballets, had only a handful of performances, but *La Boutique Fantasque* was one of the most enduring works of Diaghilev's career, a creation with choreography by Massine and music arranged by Respighi after late piano pieces by Rossini that could still look "as fresh as ever" to Edwin Denby in 1939. *La Bou-*

tique Fantastique is set in a toyshop in a resort town at the edge of the Mediterranean. The time is 1865. It is a fantasy in which dolls rebel against the shoppers who are going to separate them. All of this is the occasion for a series of character dances—a Tarantella, a Can-Can, and so on. *La Boutique Fantastique* is Victoriana honed until its quirks become essences.

To theatergoers after the war, Derain offered the style of their grandparents' youth as a particular past that was also every past—a hilarious and wonderful lost world. The key is intensification through impersonalization. Dolls are simplified people. The dances are standard numbers, instantly recognizable. Respighi adapted Rossini's *Les Petits Riens*, which are the tiniest bits of music. The backdrop, a view of a bucolic Mediterranean port with a paddlewheel boat, is the essence of a painting—a painting reduced to the basic information, a distillation of every scene of the south, recalling Stravinsky's saying that when he and Picasso were in Naples in 1917, "we both had a passion for old gouaches showing views of Naples or typical Neapolitan scenes, and on our many walks we raided the junk-shops in search of these."

In the souvenir program for the London season in 1919, Diaghilev praised Derain as "a renovator of the purest French classical painting," and observed that "to the bacchanalian splendor of the Russian decorators he has opposed the classic harmony of color." If you read accounts by Adrian Stokes in *Russian Ballets*, or by Clive Bell, reporting in July, 1919, in the pages of *The New Republic*, you realize that this decor was just one element in the expansive classical spirit of *La Boutique Fantastique*. What is most fascinating about Bell's observations is that he not only sees a connection between music, choreography, sets, and costumes, he also relates it all to a new kind of dance personality, or impersonality.

Bell writes of Lydia Lopokova, who played one Can-Can dancer (Massine was the other), that she "is as little concerned with telling the public about herself as a painter, a poet or a musician should be. In that sense she is impersonal. But, of course, she is personal too; all artists are." (In the same year, T.S. Eliot propounded the ideal of impersonality in art in his essay "Tradition and the Individual Talent.") Lopokova is not an actress in the extrovert sense, like Karsavina, a dancer whom Bell had first seen half a decade earlier. Lopokova does not "express [herself] directly to the public." She "transmute[s] per-

sonality into something more precious." She pours herself "into works of art from which the public may deduce what it can." She is as impersonal—as charming, as quintessential—as Rossini's music, Massine's dances, Derain's vista.

Organizers of exhibitions of old costumes and sets are sometimes put in the curious position of emphasizing the least successful productions, since those are the ones from which the most material survives. When ballets are repeated over and over, sets and costumes get used up—they just disappear. Preparatory studies and later reconstructions can fill in the picture, but any show of this kind will give a skewed idea of what audiences originally saw. And there was another problem at Hartford. Since the core of the collection came from Lifar—who acquired much of it from Diaghilev or his heirs—the exhibit reflected Lifar's workhorse view of the Ballets Russes, rather than the more overtly experimental spirits of Nijinsky, Stravinsky, Picasso, and Balanchine.

Thus the cover of the catalogue shows Paul Colin's study for a poster of Lifar as the Violin in *L'Orchestre en Liberté*, which was mounted in 1931, two years after Diaghilev's death. This flimsy design suggests that School of Paris décor was already slipping into decadence. Yet two years later Derain was again engaged in immensely fertile collaborations with Balanchine, for *Les Ballets 1933*. To understand the trajectory of dance and decor after Diaghilev, you have to look to Balanchine, Diaghilev's last choreographer. He was not a strong presence in the show, but he is a kind of mythical figure in the history of the Wadsworth Atheneum. The Lifar collection was acquired for the museum by A. Everett ("Chick") Austin, who was director between 1927 and 1945, when this oldest of American museums was the country's premier showcase not only for modern art, but for music and dance as well. It was a place, in short, where you could feel the Diaghilevian unity of the arts at work. And it was Austin who, in 1933, not only bought the Lifar collection, but also, together with his fellow Harvard graduate, Lincoln Kirstein, helped to bring Balanchine from Europe to Hartford, where he had first hoped to create the school and the company that would later become New York's greatest cultural institutions.

Balanchine was a behind-the-scenes figure in this show. He's the man who had to contend with a lot of the later School of Paris décor, some of which was truly overbearing. But he also seems to have found in Derain's transcendent

professionalism—they worked together four times—a parallel to his own evolving method. Derain gave a lightness, a buoyancy, a clarity of contour to the stage picture, which was perfect for Balanchine. During some of the earliest seasons in New York, Balanchine used Derain's costumes for *Les Songes* (1933). And *La Boutique Fantastique* was part of a Victorian-revival element in Ballets Russes décor that had echoes years later at New York City Ballet, in *The Nutcracker* and *Harlequinade*, though the transcendent silliness of Derain's designs would, in the hands of Horace Armistead and Rouben Ter-Arutunian, become merely adequate. But that was probably how Balanchine wanted it. In America he continued, at least for a time, to collaborate with only one visual artist from Ballets Russes days. This was Pavel Tchelitchew, who had designed *Ode* for Diaghilev (with choreography by Massine) in 1928.

Although Tchelitchew barely figured in the Hartford show, he loomed large at the Atheneum in Austin's day, when some believed that Neoromanticism was the next step after modernism. In 1936, Austin commissioned him to decorate the museum's inner court for a Paper Ball which has gone down in high-bohemian-party legend. Tchelitchew designed costumes for Austin and his wife to wear to the ball, a Can-Can dancer and an elegant equestrian that might be described as sub-Derain. Tchelitchew, of course, was a hero of Kirstein's, who once described the Russian's décor for the 1942 production of *Apollon Musagète* as that of "a contemporary Poussin." Yet when it came to describing the origins of classicism, nothing less than the truth would do. While Picasso was never one of Kirstein's favorites, Kirstein argued, in his chronicle of the New York City Ballet, that the "neoclassic turnabout" of *Apollon* was a reaffirmation of "the importance of classicism . . . that had already been proclaimed by Picasso's renunciation of Cubism and his attraction to Pompeian wall painting."

The artists who collaborated with Balanchine in his early years in America tended to be Neoromantics such as Tchelitchew and Christian Bérard, who posed no great threat to the conventions of the theater, since their entire feeling for art and illusion was derived from the stage. Speaking of Tchelitchew, Kirstein pointed out that his décor for *Ode* "used light instead of paint" and that his design for Balanchine's production of Gluck's 1936 *Orfeo* at the Metropolitan Opera "was conceived without an element of paint." This may have been theatrical genius, but for a painter

it also amounted to setting aside his most essential tools, and had little to do with the meeting of minds that Diaghilev, in his glory days, had hoped for. Perhaps Edwin Denby had this in mind when, recalling art in New York in the '30s, he observed that "downtown everybody loved Picasso then, and why not.... For myself, something in his steady wide light reminded me then of the light in the streets and loft we lived in. At that time Tchelitchew was the uptown master, and he had a flickering light."

Ultimately, it was a steady wide light that dominated the stage of the New York City Ballet, though Picasso was nowhere in evidence. By then the downtown artists were going to the ballet, but they would have no role backstage. Denby may have still believed, as he

wrote in the '40s, that "a ballet set has to stand up under steady scrutiny almost as an easel painting does," but he would have to go to modern dance collaborations, especially Alex Katz's work with Paul Taylor, to see that put to the test. (Robert Rauschenberg's dappled sets for Merce Cunningham's *Summerspace* did appear in a New York City Ballet revival in 1966.) Meanwhile Kirstein made the case against the unity of the arts in no uncertain terms. In *Nijinsky Dancing*, he delivered these epigrammatic rulings: "An ideal partnership of all the arts is an imaginary concept that remains mythical in theatrical practice." "There is a pious fallacy that Diaghilev was a master commanding or adjudicating collaboration. Actually, he was a genius at improvisation with the available talent." "The Wagnerian formula

of complete art was efficient propaganda to promote conditions under which the composer-producer might reign supreme."

Kirstein was not wrong. Still, there had been a time when audiences in London and Paris were not wrong to believe that Picasso, Matisse, and Derain were engaged in a true partnership with choreographers, dancers, and musicians. Of course the New York School lacked artists on the Olympian scale of those School of Paris masters. But it must have occurred to Denby that the black-and-white paintings that his good friend de Kooning was doing in the late '40s would have been the perfect backdrops for Balanchine's new black-and-white leotard ballets. As for Balanchine, he had been there, done that, and would now, as Kirstein put it, "reign supreme." •

Exclusion, discrimination, and the making of Americans.

America in Thick and Thin

BY JEFFREY ROSEN

A few weeks ago, the Supreme Court heard arguments in a case called *Lorelyn Penero Miller v. Madeleine K. Albright*, and some of the drama of the case is encapsulated in the petitioner's name. Twenty-seven years ago in the Philippines, Lorelyn Penero Miller was born out of wedlock. Her mother, Luz Penero, is a citizen of the Philippines; her father, Charlie Miller, is a citizen of the United States who, in a *Madam Butterfly* twist, was a 23-year-old serviceman on duty in the Philippines when his daughter was conceived. Unlike Pinkerton, however, Charlie Miller did not marry his Butterfly before abandoning her; nor did he return to collect his child from the arms of his bereft paramour. When his affair and his tour of duty ended, he returned to America, leaving Lorelyn to be raised in the Philippines by her mother.

Several months after her twenty-first birthday, Lorelyn applied to register as an American citizen. When her application was denied, she approached Charlie Miller in Texas and convinced him to sign papers acknowledging his paternity. Again she applied for a United States passport, and again she was turned down. The relevant naturalization law, amended in 1952, says that an illegitimate child born abroad whose father

is a United States citizen can claim citizenship if the father acknowledges his paternity in writing, and agrees to support the child before and until the child's eighteenth birthday. Lorelyn had missed the deadline. By contrast, the same law permits illegitimate children born abroad to claim citizenship on the basis of their mother's American citizenship, as long as the mother was physically present in the United States for at least a year before the child's birth. And legitimate children born abroad

*Civic Ideals:
Conflicting Views of Citizenship
in U.S. History*
by Rogers M. Smith
(Yale University Press, 719 pp., \$35)

are considered citizens at birth if either the mother or the father was a citizen who was physically present in the United States for at least five years before the child's birth.

Rather than giving up, Lorelyn Miller decided to sue. The immigration law is unconstitutional, she said, because it treats men and women differently, based on an archaic and unjustified stereotype—namely, that women, not men, are more likely to have a natural connection with their illegitimate children. (Never

mind that the stereotype was true in this case. Miller claims that this shouldn't affect the constitutional analysis.) The U.S. Court of Appeals for the D.C. Circuit rejected the constitutional challenge, pointing to a Supreme Court decision, *Fiallo v. Bell*, which said in 1977 that Congress could treat illegitimate children born abroad to citizen fathers differently than those born abroad to citizen mothers, because of "a perceived absence in most cases of close family ties," and "a concern with the serious problems of proof that usually lurk in paternity determinations." But Judge Patricia Wald, in a concurring opinion, said that the *Fiallo* decision was "out of step with this Court's current refusal to sanction 'official action that closes a door or denies opportunity to women (or to men)' based on stereotypes or 'overbroad generalizations,'" embodied in Justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg's recent opinion ordering the Virginia Military Institute to admit women. (As for Charlie Miller, the citizen father, he could not assert his own parental rights because he was not a party to the case.)

But the case of Lorelyn Miller asks the Supreme Court to confront far more than the transformation in its view of gender; it also tests the Court's commitment to a broader transformation in the legal significance of citizenship itself.

This is the really repercussive point. In the classical view, which prevailed for most of American history, citizenship was particularistic, which is to say that the distinction between citizens and aliens was taken seriously. There are traces, in the Constitution, of more universalist conceptions of citizenship, which hold that all persons, citizens and aliens alike, are endowed with certain unalienable rights, but the distinction between citizens and aliens, as William Rehnquist has noted, "is constitutionally important in no less than 11 instances in a political document noted for its brevity."

In addition to being particularistic, citizenship, once attained, was a thin status, according to the classical model, because it granted you a fairly narrow set of constitutional entitlements. For this reason, discrimination among citizens, like discrimination between citizens and aliens, has been generally permissible for much of American history. Outside the narrow range of (mostly economic) rights that could be denied to aliens but had to be extended to all citizens on equal terms—such as the right to inherit property—the government had broad discretion to deny certain groups of citizens (women or African Americans for example) all sorts of rights that we take for granted today, such as the right to vote or the right to serve on juries.

And the classical model gave government broad discretion to discriminate among groups of aliens as well as among groups of citizens. Thus naturalization laws were not only riddled with gender discrimination, they also singled out certain ethnic groups for special indignities, such as the Chinese, who were prohibited from naturalizing entirely in 1880s. In the old dispensation, these various discriminations—between citizens and aliens, among citizens, among aliens—were perfectly in accord with the idea of American citizenship, which was a rather ungrandiose idea, a privilege only mildly inflected by an ideal. Citizenship certainly had little to do with we would call a sense of community.

But things changed. In the modern view of American citizenship, which the Court largely created on its own initiative after World War II, citizenship is thicker and more universalistic. It is thicker because citizens are presumptively entitled to a much heftier bundle of fundamental rights that can, in theory, be denied to aliens—most notably, the right to vote and to serve on juries. Political rights as well as civil rights are now considered part of the core privileges of citizenship. Under the thick

view of citizenship, distinctions among groups of citizens—both the morally invidious kind, represented by racial discrimination, and the more morally ambiguous kind, represented by affirmative action—are harder, constitutionally, to defend. At the same time, citizenship is more universalistic because the distinction between citizens and aliens has become far less important: the state has to justify *any* discrimination based on race, gender, national origin, or even alienage, by showing that the discrimination is necessary to achieve important public interests; and therefore, the status of being a citizen, as opposed to an alien, has become, in many cases, constitutionally insignificant. In 1975, at the high water mark of universalism, Alexander Bickel went so far as to declare that "citizenship is at best a simple idea for a simple government."

The question in the *Miller* case is whether the Court will take the thick, universalistic conception of citizenship to its logical conclusion, declaring that distinctions of race and gender among groups of aliens are just as suspicious as distinctions of race and gender among groups of citizens. It is hard not to sympathize with Lorelyn Miller, but there are good reasons for liberals to hope that she loses her case. If the status of a citizen becomes constitutionally indistinguishable from the status of an alien, then there will be no reason to view citizenship as anything more than a charter of convenience, when it is a charter of belonging. By rejecting her claim, the Court has the opportunity to blend the best features of the classical and modern models, embracing a vision of citizenship that is thick and particularistic at the same time. By reaffirming Congress's power to make threshold distinctions among aspiring citizens, while denying Congress's power to make distinctions among lawfully admitted citizens, the Court would only enhance the richness and the distinctiveness of American citizenship itself.

The idea that naturalization acts cannot make distinctions based on gender, race, or national origin would have surprised the framers of the Constitution, according to Rogers M. Smith's provocative new history of citizenship in American law. Fired by fears that the United States would be overrun by Jacobins and aristocrats fleeing the French Revolution, the first naturalization act, passed by the first Congress in 1790, extended citizenship to any "free white person" who resided for two years in the United States and for one year in the state in which the person sought admission. Foreign-born children of citi-

zens were eligible for citizenship if their fathers had once resided in the United States.

When Congress passed a new naturalization act in 1855, moreover, it rejected a version that would have granted citizenship to children of mothers who were citizens. At the same time, the new act automatically naturalized all women who married American citizens, but only if the women "might lawfully be naturalized under the existing laws." That qualification was added "to prevent the citizenship of Negro, Indian or Chinese women." A supporter in the House defended the automatic naturalization of formerly alien married women by noting that the provision involved little cost to anyone, because "women possess no political rights," such as the right to vote or serve on juries, and so lost nothing by a change in citizenship.

It wasn't until the Progressive era, Smith tells us, that the Expatriation Act of 1907 resolved the ambiguity left by the Naturalization Act of 1855. Did an American woman who married a foreigner lose her citizenship? Nativists denounced American women who put on airs by marrying foreign aristocrats instead of "men of their own race"—never mind Puccini, here is Henry James—as well as the scheming alien bluebloods who preyed on American women to establish a connection with the United States. The 1907 law, enchantingly known as "the Gigolo Act," settled the question by treating these marriages as acts of voluntary expatriation; it rejected common-law traditions that based citizenship on birthplace, rather than on marital status. And by codifying an archaic common-law notion of marriage as a form of *couverture*, where women's legal identities were derived from their husbands, the Gigolo Act might be hard to reconcile with the Supreme Court's current view of sex discrimination.

In 1955, when the modern view of citizenship began to pick up steam, Louis Hartz famously claimed that American thought had always been dominated by an inclusive Enlightenment liberalism, exemplified by the thought of Locke. Smith argues that Hartz was laughably wrong: that, in fact, American society has been, from the beginning, racist, sexist, and nativist through and through, and that these unpleasant impulses have been vividly reflected in citizenship laws. "Through most of U.S. history," he writes, "lawmakers pervasively and unapologetically structured U.S. citizenship in terms of liberal and undemocratic racial, ethnic, and gender hierarchies, for reasons rooted in basic, endur-

ing imperatives of political life."

In the descriptive chapters of his book, Smith documents these hierarchies in convincing if heavy-handed detail. He criticizes Thomas Paine, for example, for having "no thought of changing the status of women." (That old reactionary Paine.) Later, Smith declares that "like Native Americans, Asian-Americans, African-Americans, and women, Puerto Ricans fully belonged to the 'American Empire' in virtually all ways that carried no implications of political equality." But these polemics are peripheral to Smith's narrative itself, which is comprehensive and important.

Yet Smith concludes with a peculiar chapter suggesting that because American society is historically racist, any policies today which deviate from left-liberal orthodoxy are intrinsically suspect. He goes out of his way to criticize liberals who have tried to find a middle ground on race, and who have questioned affirmative action under any circumstances. This makes for a jarring conclusion to a book about the history of citizenship in American law. To defend reverse discrimination and liberal universalism in the same breath, Smith has to do backflips to avoid the fact that the thick and universalistic view of citizenship that he wants to endorse has little tolerance for distinctions among citizens of any kind. (Or should our naturalization policy seek out aliens of color?) The irony is that liberals like Smith who support reverse discrimination today might do better to resurrect the thinner, more particularistic, classical view of citizenship, in which government is much freer to discriminate against or in favor of whatever groups it pleases. If the classical model has permitted widespread discrimination against women and minorities in the past, it also would permit far more discrimination in favor of minorities and women today than the liberal ideals Smith claims to embrace.

Smith uses the term "ascriptivism" to describe the dark tradition of citizenship that he argues has been embedded in American law since the founding. He refers, at different points, to "illiberal, inequalitarian ascriptive policies and outlooks"; to "ascriptive hierarchy"; and to "ascriptive denials of rights." What Smith means by "ascriptivism" is never entirely clear, especially because he distinguishes confusingly between what he calls the "illiberal, undemocratic ascriptive myths of U.S. civic identity," and a different, more liberal civic myth that he calls the "ascriptive civic myth assuring [Americans] that, regardless of their personal achievements or economic status, their inborn characters make them

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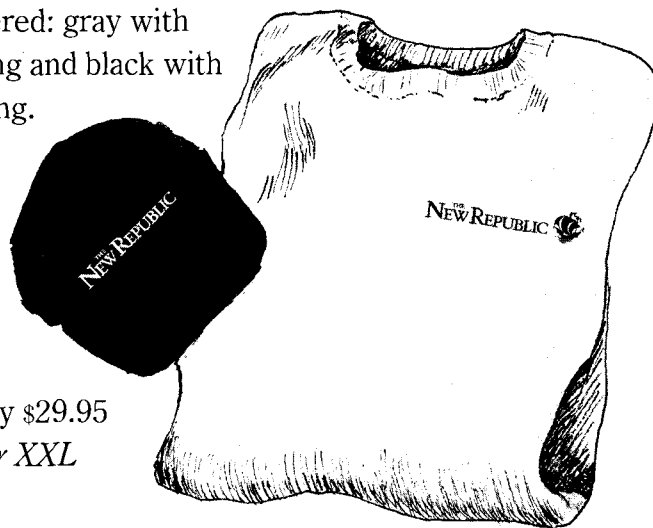
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It is clear that Smith wants to distinguish between the dark, illiberal tradition of citizenship of which he disapproves, and sunnier, more appealing visions, such as the Lockean liberal tradition, glorified by Hartz, or the civic republican tradition, based on the egalitarian idea of shared membership in a virtuous community. Smith's thesis is that "U.S. citizenship laws have always expressed illiberal, undemocratic ascriptive myths of U.S. civic identity, along with various types of liberal and republican ones, in logically inconsistent but politically effective combinations."

The Constitution, as the Supreme Court announced in 1898, "contemplates two sources of citizenship, and two only: birth and naturalization." The Court might have said three sources, since either birth on American soil or birth to an American father was a basis for claiming citizenship in the nineteenth century. But citizenship derived from American birth and citizenship derived from American blood stem from very different legal traditions; and one of the most striking lessons of Smith's book is that the common-law tradition of citizenship by birth on American soil has been a friend of oppressed minorities throughout our history, while the competing traditions, in which citizenship descends by blood, or naturalization is based on mutual consent, have been malleable tools of nativists and racists.

The classic statement of birthright citizenship appears in Calvin's Case, which involved a dispute over whether Robert Calvin, born as a subject of King James in Scotland, could inherit land as an English subject after James ascended the throne of England. In the seventeenth century, English officials began to draw increasingly sharp lines between aliens and subjects. Since the King theoretically owned his entire realm, he insisted that only those who bore allegiance to him were entitled to possess land. Lord Coke held that Calvin owed allegiance to James the person as well as James the King, who gave him protection in return. It didn't matter, therefore, whether he had been born in James's Scottish realm or James's English realm; either way, he was entitled to inherit land in England as a natural subject of the English King.

The natural law writings of John Locke represent a less feudal tradition of citizenship in America. In the course of his attack on Stuart absolutism, Locke denied that citizenship could be based on birth under a particular, geographically defined government. Children are

born free, Locke insisted, "a subject of no Country and Government"; and they could acquire citizenship only by choosing to join a particular civil society whose members consented to accept them. Rejecting Coke's notion of perpetual obedience, Locke also insisted that citizens could freely change their citizenship by selling their land and expatriating themselves from their community of birth.

In theory, Locke's vision of consensual citizenship seems more liberal than Coke's vision of birthright citizenship; but in America, Smith argues, the opposite has been true, as blacks, women, and Chinese immigrants have invoked the tradition of birthright citizenship to protect their rights in the face of claims by their opponents that the existing citizens never consented to their membership in the nation. The most important battle between the territorial, patrilinear, and consensual traditions of citizenship was fought over the status of free blacks before the Civil War. In 1820, the Missouri Compromise proposed admitting Missouri as a slave state, and allowing slavery in the territory to the south, while banning slavery in the territory to the north, of the Louisiana purchase. The Compromise was threatened, however, by a clause in the proposed Missouri constitution that banned free blacks from entering the state. Northern Federalists objected that this violated Article IV, section 1 of the Constitution, which says that "the citizens of each state shall be entitled to all the privileges and the immunities of citizens in the several states." Free blacks were citizens by virtue of their birth in free states, they argued, and the right to travel was clearly a privilege or immunity of citizenship.

Brandishing Locke and Vattel, and ridiculing the feudalism of Coke, the Jeffersonian opponents of black citizenship were able to present themselves as champions of citizenship by consent. The consent of existing citizens was necessary to admit new citizens, they argued. The fact that blacks were ineligible for naturalization under the law of 1790 was convincing evidence, for the Southerners, that the people who framed the Constitution had never consented to make blacks citizens. Arguing, as lawyers say, in the alternative, Jeffersonian congressmen also cited Vattel for the proposition that children inherit the status of their fathers, because "each citizen, on entering into society, reserves to his children the right of becoming members of it" by "tacit consent." Since black fathers were not eligible for naturalization, the Jeffersonians argued, they were not citizens, and

neither were their free black children.

The debate between the Federalists and the Jeffersonians about the status of free blacks was rehearsed again in the Dred Scott case. Chief Justice Taney, posing as a consensualist, held that birth on American soil or to American parents could not make blacks citizens, because "we the people" who framed the Constitution had never consented to extend American citizenship to any blacks since the founding. As evidence for his erroneous conclusion that free blacks had never been recognized as citizens, Taney pointed to state laws denying blacks the right to vote or to serve in the militia. In his dissent, Justice Benjamin Curtis insisted that citizenship by place of birth, rather than by blood, was the American rule, and that several states had indeed viewed blacks as citizens, despite their legal disadvantages, because the "mere naked rights of citizenship" didn't include political privileges, like the right to vote. After the Civil War, Curtis's view was enshrined in the first sentence of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, which says that "All citizens born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside."

Once constitutionalized, the principle of birthright citizenship soon came to the rescue not only of African Americans, but also of the native-born children of Chinese immigrants. In 1898, a majority of the Supreme Court ruled that Wong Kim Ark, who had been born and raised in California, was a citizen by virtue of his birth, and therefore was exempt from a congressional statute excluding laborers "of the Chinese race." At the same time, the Court didn't question Congress's power, in the Chinese Exclusion Acts of the 1880s, to ban the immigration of Chinese laborers for ten years, as well as to prohibit people of Chinese origin from being naturalized. The point is that, while Chinese born in the United States were entitled to the rights of citizens, liberals in the Gilded Age had little doubt that Congress could prevent Chinese laborers from entering the country, or reentering once they had left.

According to the premises of the classical model of citizenship, the Court's unanimous verdict in the Chinese Exclusion cases was correct; but Smith criticizes it. "The 1888 law was vicious," he notes, arguing that it also clashed with "liberal principles of procedural and economic rights that had been reinforced by the free-labor ideology of the postwar constitutional amendments" which "voiced demands of common

decency and fairness." This isn't quite right. The free-labor ideology of the postwar constitutional amendments said that the right to engage in the common occupations of life had to be extended to all persons lawfully admitted to the United States, citizen and alien alike. For this reason, the Court in 1915 struck down a state law prohibiting private employers from hiring more than 20 percent aliens. Only a month later, however, the Court upheld federal and state laws requiring that public contractors hire only American citizens, on the grounds that the government, like a private employer, should have perfect freedom to hire or to fire anyone it pleased. The classical model of citizenship, in short, may seem ungenerous to Smith, but he fails to give it credit for its formalistic integrity.

Smith also criticizes judicial decisions in the 1870s that failed to extend political rights, such as voting, to women. "These cases form some of the clearest examples in the nation's history of clashes between egalitarian liberal principles that demanded changes in existing social, economic, and political hierarchies," he writes, "and the desires of governors who found those implications too threatening and who invoked state-centered republican and ascriptive arguments to rationalize their rejection." But there was nothing threatening about the implausible claim that the Civil War Amendments extended the vote to women. It was obvious to nearly everyone in the Reconstruction era that the privileges and the immunities of citizenship did not include political rights, like the right to vote: a citizen of Massachusetts traveling in South Carolina could not expect to vote in South Carolina elections. Indeed, Edward Bates, Lincoln's attorney general, arguing in 1862 that free blacks were citizens even though they could not vote, pointed to the example of a "free, white, natural-born female infant" as someone who was "certainly a citizen," but not entitled to political rights. Smith fails to identify any point in the Founding or Reconstruction periods when voting was widely seen as a necessary attribute of citizenship.

Of course, the denial of suffrage to women is explicitly contemplated in section 2 of the Fourteenth Amendment, which provides for a reduction in apportionment of any state that denies the vote to "male citizens twenty one years of age." Aside from his breezy reference to "egalitarian legal principles," Smith never identifies the constitutional methodology that he thinks judges should have applied in the 1870s to justify a decision to ignore the text and the his-

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In 1894, Theodor Herzl, an Austrian Jewish journalist, was assigned to cover the Dreyfus trial in France. Seeing this Jewish officer being railroaded to a life sentence led him to the recognition that life for Jews in Europe was untenable and that the solution of the "Jewish problem" lay in the establishment of a Jewish state.

What are the facts?

The Birth of a Dream. The return to Zion had for 2,000 years been the dream of Europe's dispersed Jews. "Next year in Jerusalem" had always been the watchword. But nothing was done to bring this dream to reality. Theodor Herzl organized the first Zionist Congress in Basel (Switzerland) in 1897 and political Zionism was born.

The concept of creating a new nation in what was then a sparsely-settled country was something never before attempted in the history of mankind. But Herzl's vision fired up world Jewry and especially the Jews of eastern Europe, who were despairing under the yoke of Russian oppression. Energized by Zionist aspirations, British Foreign Secretary Lord Balfour issued his famous Declaration in 1917, by which Palestine was established

as a national home for the Jewish people. In 1922, the League of Nations entrusted Britain

with the Mandate for Palestine. Regrettably, Britain decided that the requirements for setting up a Jewish national home would not apply east of the Jordan River. That area constituted three-fourths of the territory of the Mandate. Only one-quarter of Palestine remained to fulfill the Jewish dream.

A Nation is Born and Succeeds. The modern state of Israel was founded in May 1948—fifty years after Herzl formulated the concept. Immediately the country was invaded by five Arab armies. With a total Jewish population of only about 650,000, and with limited armaments and resources, the ragtag army of Israel defeated the combined might of the aggressors and established itself firmly within its boundaries. Jordan stayed in possession of Judea/Samaria (now

known as the "West Bank") and the eastern part of Jerusalem. Egypt occupied the Gaza Strip. The price was very high. In this bloodiest of wars imposed on Israel, over 6,000 citizen-soldiers died—over 1% of the population. In the Six-Day War of 1967, Israel once again prevailed; it repossessed Judea/Samaria, the eastern part of Jerusalem, and conquered the vast Sinai Peninsula and the Golan Heights. And once more, in 1973, the Arabs tried to destroy Israel in the Yom Kippur War. Once more, they suffered defeat.

Despite being under constant attack and siege and having suffered over 20,000 dead in those defensive wars, Israel created social and political systems and an economy that continues to amaze experts worldwide. Israel is the only truly democratic country in the entire Middle East,

"One would think that emerging nations would wish to learn from Israel's example. But the opposite is the case."

with governmental structure and institutions comparable to those of the United States.

Its economy—despite the enormous defense expenditures mandated by the aggressiveness of its neighbors and despite the effort and expense of having absorbed more than 2.5 million immigrants (four times the population at the creation of the state)—can only be described as a miracle of human accomplishment. Virtually the entire infrastructure had to be built from a minimal base. Today, Israel's economy is booming. It is a leader in high-tech technology; it has created one of the most advanced agricultural systems in the world; it is one of world leaders in economic growth rate; it has one of the highest per-capita incomes in the world; and it is the world leader in exports per capita.

We have in this century seen the demise of many "isms", the most prominent failures being those of Communism and Nazism. But Zionism has flourished to an extent that the visionary Theodor Herzl could not have possibly imagined 100 years ago. One would think that the emerging nations would wish to learn from Israel's example. But the opposite is the case. Goaded by the Arab nations, inalterably hostile to Israel, the United Nations has offered more than 100 resolutions condemning Israel's actions.

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tory of the Constitution, and to impose on the country a political revolution—female suffrage—that was just beginning to be debated in the most progressive state legislatures, and that would not be officially enshrined in the Constitution until the ratification of the Nineteenth Amendment in 1919.

But maybe the omission isn't a coincidence. For reasons that he doesn't explain, Smith ends his history of conflicting visions of citizenship in American law in 1912, at the height of the Progressive era. The choice is peculiar, for it means Smith has nothing at all to say about the most dramatic change in America's legal conception of citizenship: the decision, made largely by the Supreme Court on its own initiative, to abandon the classical model of citizenship after the New Deal and to replace it with a liberal egalitarian vision that was thicker and more universalistic. In the end, if not in the beginning, America was Lockean.

The harbinger of the shift was the *Takahashi* case of 1948, in which the Court struck down a California law denying commercial fishing licenses to aliens who were ineligible to become citizens. Minimizing the importance of citizenship, Justice Black stressed that the Court should skeptically examine the state's interests in denying important rights to any person; and he held that California's interest in conserving its coastal waters was not strong enough to prevent lawfully admitted aliens from earning a living in the same way as California citizens. Black's holding was a dramatic departure from the nineteenth-century vision of citizenship: in 1823, Justice Bushrod Washington famously held for the Pennsylvania circuit court that the right to fish in New Jersey oyster beds was not a privilege or an immunity of citizenship, and therefore New Jersey could deny fishing rights to visitors from other states in order to preserve its oysters for its own citizens.

The universalistic view of citizenship reached its apogee in 1971, when the Court struck down state laws that limited state welfare programs to resident aliens. Classifications based on alienage, like those based on race, were inherently suspicious, Justice Blackmun held, because aliens, like racial minorities, were a "discrete and insular minority," historically victimized by the sort of prejudice "which tends . . . to curtail the operation of those political processes ordinarily to be relied upon to protect minorities." Even on its own terms, Blackmun's opinion was peculiar. It seems odd to point to the political powerlessness of aliens as a sign that they are entitled to special judi-

cial protection, since the traditional exclusion of aliens from the suffrage shows that the nation has not historically relied on the ordinary political processes to protect aliens in the first place. Blackmun's noble universalism threatened to erase the meaning of membership altogether.

Although Smith doesn't discuss Blackmun's vision of citizenship, he seems sympathetic to it. In his concluding chapter, he laments that "revived inegalitarian, ascriptive Americanist themes . . . are far more visible in the 1990s than seemed imaginable as late as 1975," as racial tensions and anti-immigrants sentiments mount, exemplified by recent initiatives in California restricting the rights of aliens and forbidding racial preferences. Smith outlines his own normative vision of American civic identity, which he thinks other citizens can be persuaded to embrace. (He never explains how.) America should conceive of itself, he argues, as a political party, dedicated not to the "ascriptive inegalitarian" goals that it has embraced for so much of its history, but instead to the "liberal democratic goals of protecting and expanding civic capacities for personal and collective self-governance," by all persons, citizens and aliens alike, including, "to some degree, the well-being of humanity generally." Smith thinks that American leaders must embrace this universalist vision "in order to sustain the allegiance of most citizens and perhaps their own sense of political identity and purpose as well, even though these purposes, like any purposes they might choose, will probably alienate other citizens permanently."

Alienate, indeed. Despite his best efforts, Smith seems to overlook the fact that America is not only an idea, it is also a state. (You don't need citizenship in an idea.) Smith acknowledges the importance of defining American civic ideals in a way that is politically concrete enough to sustain the loyalty of actual American citizens; but then he embraces a vision of citizenship so abstract, untethered, and universalistic that it provides no convincing reasons why Americans should be any more loyal to the party of America than to, say, the party of the United Nations. Anyway, we are all citizens of the world.

It is also bizarre for a book about the history of citizenship in America to end with a passionate defense of affirmative action. But Smith's "liberal democratic" vision is premised on the idea that American society is so infected by racism and sexism that minorities and women cannot participate equally in "national self-governance" unless they are com-

pensated for the "group disadvantages" that have been historically inflicted on them. "Even with a society riddled with politically fostered inequalities such as the U.S.," he writes, "anti-individualist measures like majority minority districts and affirmative action programs will often still be defensible means" to the end of "integrated inclusiveness within a common political culture."

Since Smith ends his history in 1912, and not in 1965 or 1992, he leaves his readers with no sense of how fundamentally the country has changed since the Progressive era. He invites us to believe what many liberal racialists appear to believe: namely, that the revolution in the law of citizenship, and, more generally, in civil rights, has failed to improve the lives of women or minorities in discernible ways; that we are no better or fairer a country than we were eighty-five years ago; that, because progress has been so small and rests on such fragile foundations, any compromise of liberal orthodoxy on affirmative action gives aid and comfort to racists. Smith is so eager to preserve multicultural shibboleths about affirmative action that he goes out of his way, in his footnotes, to criticize liberals such as William Galston who are more skeptical of race and gender preferences, and more strict in their vision of America as a nation defined by a common language and common civic traditions to which all ethnic groups should aspire to assimilate.

This is not the place to dwell on Smith's implausible claim that the American people, having spent most of their history being beastly to minorities and aliens, can suddenly be persuaded to rally around the liberal universalism that Smith calls "the party of America." Nor is it the place to evaluate the relative merits of Smith's multicultural vision of "liberal democracy" against the color-blind neutrality of the liberals whom he criticizes. Suffice it to say that, as a purely legal matter, Smith's vision of compensatory racialism is hard to reconcile with the universalism that he claims to embrace. Smith argues that Americans should "adopt measures that will erode the invidious ascriptive hierarchies [their] policies and laws have built up throughout their history, instead of perpetuating or heightening them." But if he wants the courts today to uphold his vision, he would do well to try to revive the thin classical model of citizenship that he spends most of his book denouncing.

Remember that under the thick, universalistic, modern view of citizenship, any classifications based on race, gender,

or alienage are inherently suspect. This means that white men can challenge the affirmative action programs that have excluded them, and white women have a hard time arguing that they are entitled to compensatory preferences in contracting and employment. Under the thinner classical vision, by contrast, the state is free, in apportioning public benefits, to prefer people on the basis of race or gender if it pleases. Outside of the narrowly defined core of natural rights and procedural protections that, according to the Constitution, have to be extended to "all persons" on equal terms, government has broad discretion to discriminate against or in favor of minorities and women. Because fewer rights are constitutionalized, according to the classical model, there is much more room for politics.

This thin vision of citizenship might not have led to especially liberal results during the nineteenth century, when minorities and women didn't have the vote, when Caucasians were a national majority, and when, as Smith puts it, "ascriptive inequalities" were widely accepted. In the 1990s, however, Congress is more inclined to discriminate in favor of minorities and women than against them; and these preferences, which are legally impermissible under the modern view of citizenship, would be upheld under the classical view. Modern liberals and conservatives who are suspicious of racial preferences on policy grounds, in other words, would be hard pressed to argue that they are unconstitutional, at least in a world where the original understanding of citizenship was taken seriously.

Which brings us back to Lorelyn Penero Miller. The Supreme Court may well reject her challenge to the venerable gender distinctions in our naturalization laws, but Smith, presumably, would support it. If "citizenship laws made nationality as much a matter of choice as possible, then Americans could more genuinely regard their Americanism as something they could define as they saw fit," he writes. But the choice that Smith has in mind is a unilateral choice by the aspiring citizen, rather than a bilateral expression of mutual consent between the aspiring citizen and the existing ones. He opposes Michael Lind's argument that the nation "require a high degree of acculturation as a condition of immigration," to ensure the perpetuation of a common civic identity.

Smith's thick, universalistic notion of citizenship is hard to accept on historical or political terms. If the tradition of birthright citizenship, or *jus soli*, has

been a force for liberalism throughout American history, that tradition can be usefully contrasted with the tradition of *jus sanguinis*, common in civil law countries, in which nationality descends by bloodline. As the Clinton administration argues in the Miller case, the birthright rule is "uniquely appropriate for a nation of immigrants, whose members have, since the beginning, aspired to create a national identity associated with a new place and liberated from the old world's preoccupations with blood lineage."

Smith, by contrast, wants to have it all: he insists that nearly anyone should be able to become an American citizen, no matter how tenuous their ties to this country, and he declares that American legislatures should have no power to distinguish among citizens and aliens in distributing public benefits. These conflicting impulses are hard, legally and politically, to reconcile. By permitting Congress to discriminate on the basis of gender in refusing to admit new citizens, the Court would give Congress more discretion to discriminate on the basis of gender in compensating existing citizens for the historical indignities that they have suffered. Reverse discrimination may seem like an odd rallying cry for a purportedly "liberal democratic" vision of citizenship, but this is not the first time that this unappetizing paradox has turned up in the cult of diversity. Those who are determined to preserve affirmative action at all costs can only hope that Lorelyn Miller loses her case.

But there is a far more compelling reason to hope that the Court reaffirms Congress's power to deny citizenship to Lorelyn Miller. It has to do with the crucial distinction between exclusion and discrimination, and, ultimately, with the

I Tried an Ox

Instead of a street, I asked if a lane would do,
or the soggy butt-end of a haystack-bordered highway.

I tried to ride
the dead man's ox but I feared the kickback
from the dead man, I was ruled by ornate phobias.

Hail to the rocks I didn't want,
and to the dead man's gift!
I shed all memory of the dead
and yet the river's boundary must be my own
as well, I can't surmount its flight to the far, almond shore—

the very shore I stand upon.
I meant not to hate the lifting fog but then it lifted
and I couldn't offer a sigh in response,
even if the waters, clearing so lightly,
imitated a woman who had given up.

WAYNE KOESTENBAUM

meaning of citizenship itself. Rogers Smith has a mirror opposite in Pat Buchanan. They both think that exclusion and discrimination are two sides of the same coin. The liberal universalists, such as Smith, say that we may not exclude certain people because we may not discriminate; the illiberal nativists, such as Buchanan, say we may exclude certain people because we may discriminate. For Smith, America is an idea; for Buchanan, America is an ethnos. Both are mistaken.

In the *Miller* case, the Court has the opportunity to drive a wedge between the idea of exclusion and the idea of discrimination, by endorsing a vision of citizenship that is thick and particularistic. Congress has broad discretion to exclude certain people or groups from the privileges of citizenship, the Court could say; it can discriminate among groups of aliens (or groups of citizen parents) in deciding who is eligible for naturalization; and it is free to discriminate between citizens and aliens in apportioning public benefits. But it may not discriminate among citizens once they are lawfully admitted to the country.

This thick, particularistic vision of citizenship could lead, in theory, to jarring results. Congress could single out certain racial, religious, or sexual minorities, Muslims or women or gays and lesbians, and deny them access to naturalization. But when I defend Congress's power to discriminate among aliens as a constitutional matter, I certainly do not mean to endorse unreasonable and illiberal discrimination as a political matter. You don't have to be Rogers Smith to be-

lieve that naturalization policies should not mock the egalitarian ideals that make American citizenship worth seeking in the first place. Legislative power may be abused; and it is hardly the end of the story. If the Court upholds Congress's power to discriminate among potential citizens on the basis of their parents' gender, one hopes that the decision would provoke a robust political debate about whether gender distinctions in our naturalization laws should be repealed on policy grounds, because they rest on archaic notions of family relations that are hard to reconcile with modern conceptions of gender equality (not to mention modern genetic testing). This is a debate that should take place in Congress rather than the Courts. It would strengthen the country's commitment to its civic ideals.

By resurrecting the distinction between citizens and aliens that Justice

Blackmun and Rogers Smith have tried to obscure, the Court could also resurrect the meaning of citizenship itself as something more than a pale and disembodied legalism. American citizenship is a particular status in a particular place, not a method of mending the world and hastening the advent of the messiah. Only if the status of being a citizen is plausibly distinguished from the status of not being a citizen can Americans view citizenship as a meaningful synecdoche of their civic identity. There is no inconsistency, in other words, in allowing some discrimination among non-citizens while forbidding all discrimination among citizens. Citizenship itself, during the Founding and Reconstruction eras, was the status from which the anti-discrimination principle flowed; and by reaffirming its relevance in American law, the Court might begin to restore its relevance in American life. •

twenties, Hart felt obliged to respond to Clarence's offers of jobs that he could not take, and to Grace's soliciting of advice that she would not follow. Clarence had been a restaurant owner, then a candy manufacturer (he invented the Life Saver), and from the first it was clear that Hart would have his father's support to the exact extent of his concern with the family business. He had shown bohemian inclinations, publishing, by the age of 14, "advanced" poems with an exquisite pre-Raphaelite tone. Yet he appears never to have adopted the role of the artist alienated from his family. He kept close to his mother, uncomfortably close as adviser, consoler, giver of practical wisdom and reassurance, more like an older brother than a son. At the same time, even after her divorce, he would not repudiate his father. But the things he could care for, and the things Clarence could even theoretically encourage, were as far apart as were his native confidence and his mother's wavering anxieties. Right to the end, in this tangle of allegiances, he was called on to tack from New York to Ohio, or from Mexico to Ohio, to unravel affairs that were still going wrong.

As a young man in New York, Crane went half way to satisfy his father's demand for a business life: he worked for several months in advertising, at the J. Walter Thompson agency. But soon after announcing to a close friend, William Wright, that a business career "is not to be scorned," that "the commercial aspect is the most promising characteristic of America," he feels compelled to assure Wright that "bowing to it" need not involve "our complete surrender of everything else." In the same letter of 1919, he goes on to speak of the world as "a devastation in my eyes," and one may suppose the reversal a sign of callowness; but the truth is that these swings were characteristic all his life, and very little in the early letters sounds unformed or mawkish.

There is a captivating frankness in the exuberance with which Crane addresses himself to the experience of people and books. Amid the literary and personal vicissitudes of Crane's early twenties, the note of adventure stays vivid, and as fresh as when he wrote to his father on his first move from Cleveland to New York in 1916: "It is a great shock, but a good tonic, to come down here as I have and view the countless multitudes. It seems sometimes almost as though you had lost yourself, and were trying to find somewhere in this sea of humanity, your lost identity." The thought of self-recognition in a crowd, recurrent in the letters, would find a deliberate echo in

Democratic Vistas

BY DAVID BROMWICH

O My Land, My Friends: The Selected Letters of Hart Crane edited by Langdon Hammer and Brom Weber

(Four Walls Eight Windows, 562 pp., \$35)

These are the letters of a great poet, and they do not disappoint. But Crane had another quality, besides his distinction as an artist, which people will look to confirm in any record of his life. Because of the determination with which, as a teen-aged boy from Ohio, he planted himself in New York City and, in the 1920s, helped to make a myth of that city, Crane has inherited much of the glamour that attaches itself to the romantic experimenter and the *poète maudit*. As his friends could see, there was something of Melville in the quest of imaginative ecstasy that drove him on; just as, in retrospect, there is something akin to Fitzgerald in the chaos of squandered energies that gradually engulfed him. "The voice of a generation"—it is a stock phrase, of course, but in Crane it answered to a deep and ingenuous ambition:

Then, drop by caustic drop, a perfect cry
Shall string some constant harmony.—
Relentless caper for all those who step
The legend of their youth into the noon.

The dramatic interest of his letters

comes from our knowing how swiftly the author of those lines—from "Legend," a poem in his first book, *White Buildings*—would pass into the author of "Purgatorio," a lament of exile written from Mexico by a man with the sere countenance that his portraits show at the age of thirty:

My country, O my land, my friends—
Am I apart—here from you in a land
Where all your gas lights—faces—
sputum gleam
Like something left, forsaken—here am I—

As they come to be better known, the letters will only enhance the legend, and in human terms one may feel ambivalent about this. We accept an aesthetic half-truth when we crave a story to interpret an artist's career. And yet one feels that there ought to be exorbitant lives like his; and the letters themselves are alive to that feeling. In Crane, a life and a body of work are so fused that they seem to return our gaze together.

He was born in 1899, the son of Clarence and Grace Crane, well-meaning progenitors who never let go, who stayed and sat on his life. Far on in his

Crane's sequence, *For the Marriage of Faustus and Helen*:

And yet, suppose some evening I forgot
The fare and transfer, yet got by that way
Without recall,—lost, yet poised in traffic.
Then might I find your eyes across an
aisle...

This kind of loss and discovery he supposed was a blessing, and he searched to attain it again and again—by the mobility of his life, by his passage from one artistic idiom to another, and, always, by his erotic experience. With the letters in view, one enters into certain of his choices, and comes to realize that they were choices.

An edition by Brom Weber misleadingly called *The Letters of Hart Crane* was published in 1952, and it gave a sustained first glimpse of Crane as a letter-writer. Energetic—spontaneous and considered, not careless-careful in the manner of the confider with a public eye on posterity—the letters in that edition already told much about the life of one poet, and about what it meant to be an artist in America early in this century. But, since he liked to drink and was often seen drunk, and since his sexual relations were with men, some of them sailors he picked up after a night's carousing, Crane in the decades following the appearance of the letters went on being talked of and written about as a wild man—a potent warning against the artist-as-artist turned loose upon modern life.

O My Land, My Friends ought to complete a change of perspective. It is a generous reader's edition, done with a care for accurate scholarship—there are separate introductions to successive periods of Crane's life, and a good analytical index—and though called a "selected" letters it has a better claim to representativeness than its precursor. Some early letters have been cut, but more than a third of those printed are new, and they are given, as the 1952 edition did not give them, uncensored. There are now several mentions of Crane's homosexual loves. There are also far more copious and more intense and sustained discussions of his poetry—much of it from Crane's correspondence with Yvor Winters, both sides of which were published in 1978 by Thomas Parkinson. Crane's observations on the writing of friends—the comments, for instance, on a draft of Tate's "Ode to the Confederate Dead"—will be a revelation to many readers. But the new letters are only a large reminder of qualities that might have been guessed from his public statement to Harrier Monroe, the editor of *Poetry*, in defense of his poem "At Melville's Tomb."

This touchstone of modernist poetics had been extorted from Crane in a curious manner—really by an editorial whim. Monroe agreed to publish the poem if the author would agree to explain it. Looking at its third stanza,

Then in the circuit calm of one vast coil,
Its lashings charmed and malice
reconciled,
Frosted eyes there were that lifted altars;
And silent answers crept across the stars.

Monroe wrote: "I find your image of *frosted eyes lifting altars* difficult to visualize." The phrase, Crane wrote back, "refers simply to a conviction that a man, not knowing perhaps a definite god yet being endowed with a reverence for deity—such a man naturally postulates a deity somehow, and the altar of that deity by the very action of the eyes lifted in searching." And the rest of the explanation, reprinted here, proceeds in the same style, studious and deliberate, without pomp or manifesto. Crane's early reviews and letters to journals, many of them written in his teens, in defense of Joyce and Sherwood Anderson and other personal heroes, showed the same kind of forthrightness, almost simplicity of heart, on behalf of aesthetic intensity as an ultimate good.

He was among the most intelligent of artists—in the discursive sense, which entails an ability to communicate a purpose of the work of art outside the work itself. He was self-taught without the dogmatism of the self-taught, critically resourceful and (a capacity harder to hold on to) inquisitive; and he had a confidence that he was able to put into words, while doing justice to the attendant doubts. The restorations in the present volume include a great many comments on his own work in progress, especially *For the Marriage of Faustus and Helen*, the most learned of his poems, and in its idiom perhaps the most original. He liked to test his work on friends, and once you get used to the miscellaneous context, the letters start to seem a natural habitat for his verse.

All his revisions seem to me improvements. "The game enforces jerks," in "Chaplinesque," a line meant to catch the speed and the comical stiffness of Chaplin's tramp, eventually yields for the last word "smirks"—picking up with considerable effect a word used earlier in the poem. The wonderful opening of "Van Winkle,"

Macadam, gun-grey as the tunny's belt,
Leaps from Far Rockaway to Golden Gate:
For first it was the road, the road only
We heeded in joint piracy and pushed,

is still better in the final version, where

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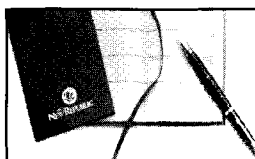
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the last two lines become:

Listen! The miles a hurdy-gurdy grinds—
Down gold arpeggios mile on mile
unwinds.

He would save the piracy of the open road for later sections of *The Bridge*; a touch of street music was better suited to this lightly framing overture.

Crane's poetry had a reputation for difficulty, though he would have preferred otherwise, as he conceded in a vigorous letter to Yvor Winters that begins: "Dear Winters, You need a good drubbing for all your recent easy talk about 'the complete man,' the poet and his ethical place in society, etc." Difficulty had never been his aim: "It happens that the first poem I ever wrote was too dense to be understood, and I now find that I can trust most critics to tell me that all my subsequent efforts have been equally futile. . . . I write damned little because I am interested in recording certain sensations, very rigidly chosen, with an eye for what according to my taste and sum of prejudices seems suitable—or intense enough."

His poems—the fact is well attested—do not yield their secret on a first or second reading, but what do we mean by difficulty? Shakespeare's sonnets are as hard as Crane's *Voyages*, and they were always hard. Great poetry is usually difficult in some way, and only the veneer of perpetual acquaintance, added by dozens of anthologies over hundreds of years, can make us believe otherwise. Anyway, the illusion of familiarity has a cost. We start to be in love with the cliché that our ear has substituted for the words on the page. Crane permits that assimilation as little as any poet; and this comes to seem a mark of his integrity. He never "makes obscure" but adheres, as firmly as he can, to the motto he chose from John Donne: "Make my dark heavy poem light—and light."

Some letters we read to find out something about the author; with others we steal a pleasure and read them as if their writers meant them for us. Here is a passage from one that Crane wrote to his mother, describing the sensations of the city, saying what it is that draws him to stay there in 1924. He would like, he says, to acquire a room with a view of the harbor:

Mr. Opffer, who has such a back room in this house, has invited me to use his room whenever he is out, and the other evening the view from his window was one never to be forgotten. Everytime one looks at the harbor and the NY skyline across the river it is quite different, and the range of atmospheric effects is endless. But at twilight on a foggy evening, such as it was at this

time, it is beyond description. Gradually the lights in the enormously tall buildings begin to flicker through the mist. There was a great cloud enveloping the top of the Woolworth tower, while below, in the river, were streaming reflections of myriad lights, continually being crossed by the twinkling mast and deck lights of little tugs scudding along, freight rafts, and occasional liners starting outward. Look far to your left toward Staten Island and there is the statue of Liberty, with that remarkable lamp of hers that makes her seen for miles. And up at the right Brooklyn Bridge, the most superb piece of construction in the modern world, I'm sure, with strings of light crossing it like glowing worms as the Ls and surface cars pass each other going and coming. It is particularly fine to feel the greatest city in the world from enough distance, as I do here, to see its larger proportions.

It is a generous sight, generously recorded, the more so when one sets it beside a stanza of "To Brooklyn Bridge" that seems to have followed the same mood of awe and forgetful gazing:

Again the traffic lights that skim thy swift
Unfractioned idiom, immaculate sigh of
stars,
Beading thy path—condense eternity:
And we have seen night lifted in thine
arms.

To judge by the letters, the poems that Crane held in surest esteem were *For the Marriage of Faustus and Helen* and *Voyages*. "F & H," as he called it, celebrates a peculiarly modern form of beauty—an abstract experience of the city, with a pleasure in the distance at which objects now acquire their glamour—while treating the romantic theme of the "barter" of beauty for pain. The poem is also, rather disturbingly, a celebration of the clearance for new emotions made by the Great War: the settings are a city street, a nightclub dance floor, and a squadron of fighter planes. *Voyages* is a series of six poems, of tremendous erotic intensity, written for a young man, Emil Opffer, in whom Crane believed he had found "the Word made Flesh." The sequence runs a course from contemplation to ecstasy to a rededication of powers; from childhood to an imagined return by the poet after death; and as one makes out its lights and shadows, from a mid-morning prelude looking out toward the sea, to a conclusion at the edge of dawn looking in toward the shore.

Crane was right to hold a unique affection for these poems even after he went to work in a different vein; and if I had to persuade a reader of the eloquence that is his, and that belongs to no other modern, the poem I would choose is "Voyages V." It moves straight

forward in a glide of farewell so that one feels, at once, Crane's aptness of image and his power to condense a phrase and a metaphor. A less conspicuous strength is evident here, namely his sense of dramatic speech—speech heightened beyond any naturalism, and yet not overwrought; speech as it would come to be known in lines not written yet by Eugene O'Neill and Tennessee Williams. The poem is centered on a dramatic situation, too—the speaker looking out at the horizon offshore, at an after-midnight hour, the decidedness of its horizon-light suggesting to him an end of his love. He turns to the lover asleep beside him and recalls the betrayals that have already begun to draw them apart, and the fractures of temperament or history that will finally cause them to break off. But the poem stops short of pathos, with a look at the sleeping form beside him, and a consolation that is not a regret.

Meticulous, past midnight in clear rime,
Infrangible and lonely, smooth as though
cast
Together in one merciless white blade—
The bay estuaries fleck the hard sky limits.

—As if too brittle or too clear to touch!
The cables of our sleep so swiftly filed,
Already hang, shred ends from
remembered stars.
One frozen trackless smile. . . . What words
Can strangle this deaf moonlight? For we

Are overtaken. Now, no cry, no sword
Can fasten or deflect this tidal wedge,
Slow tyranny of moonlight, moonlight
loved
And changed . . . "There's

Nothing like this in the world," you say,
Knowing I cannot touch your hand
and look
Too, into that godless cleft of sky
Where nothing turns but dead sands
flashing.

"—And never to quite understand!" No,
In all the argosy of your bright hair
I dreamed
Nothing so flagless as this piracy.

But now
Draw in your head, alone and too tall here.
Your eyes already in the slant of drifting
foam;
Your breath sealed by the ghosts I do not
know:
Draw in your head and sleep the long way
home.

All of the threat of loss in love is compressed in the ambiguous use of *filed*, to mean stored up in memory, and also to mean frayed. The variations from the blank-verse meter are cunning, yet they are altogether natural here, where a line like "And changed . . . There's" is deliberately fragmentary, while "Your eyes already in the slant of drifting foam" is

almost a hexameter. Since I first read the poem, I have marveled at the sound and the cadence of "The bay estuaries fleck the hard sky limits": a neutral notation of landscape which has the force of an admonition. The magnificent final stanza—almost all of it carried in words of a single syllable—gains an added poignancy from a far-off echo of Milton: "Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth.... Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor"—an echo that elaborates and explains the poet's feeling that this pre-dawn hour is ghostly. Yet one may have read and admired the poem for a long time without being conscious of its learning. Crane's modernism was in this sense never academic, and he has survived for three generations by the surprising communicability with which his words continue to seem, as he said in "Praise for an Urn." "Delicate riders of the storm."

Why did so personal a writer take on the larger "symbolic" cultural work of self-definition that would become *The Bridge*? Part of the motive was intimate: with Oppfer, he had walked "hand in hand across the most beautiful bridge of the world, the cables enclosing us and pulling us upward in such a dance as I have never walked and can never walk with another." There seems to have been a moment when he held in his mind the entire imaginative shape of the poem. He writes in a letter to Gorham Munson that he aims to suggest "a mystical synthesis of America." The conception, in 1923, is "already flickering through my mind... but the actual statement of the thing, the marshalling of the forces, will take me months, at best"; but he adds, "if I do succeed" there will be "such a waving of banners, such ascent of towers." Crane was much influenced by the American Revival of the 1910s, particularly by Waldo Frank's *Our America*. It looked as if *The Bridge*, some of it written and most of it planned during the wait for the publication of *White Buildings*, might swell the common enterprise of a generation. But the poem was also intended as a reply to the symbolic authority of Eliot's *The Waste Land*, a work that Crane found impressive but "dead."

His comments on Eliot generally show an unintimidated appreciation and irony. He can say to Allen Tate, in a letter of 1922, "You will profit by reading him again and again. I must have read 'Prufrock' twenty-five times and things like the 'Preludes' more often"; but in a later exchange, when Tate has truly come under Eliot's thrall, he will warn against "that particular supine narcissism which charms so many in the poetry of

our friend Eliot." He adds with dry mischief that Eliot's pessimism is "amply justified, in his own case." Crane was wary of a style of resignation shared by all the whole-length modernists—a movement in which incidentally he ranked Spengler, whose *Decline of the West* he read with a fascination that slowly cooled into skepticism. He could not share the satisfaction of believing that "the fruits of civilization are entirely harvested."

The *Bridge* was an attempt at a counter-statement—a word coined by Kenneth Burke, a friend of Crane's and a favorite drinking partner. It would be published in 1929, a bad year for an epic of affirmation. Its formal structure of variations on a national theme of discovery, founding, expansion, dispossession, and hope, made it an improbable vehicle for the aesthetic task that Crane had embraced in a letter to Tate in 1922: "Let us invent an idiom for the proper transposition of jazz into words! Something clean, sparkling, elusive!" But he worked at the poem steadily and revised it systematically. In the meantime he wrote to Otto Kahn, a railroad financier and patron of the arts, and received a series of modest grants. These direct petitions for assistance are the work of an author with a justified confidence in his powers. They lay out a plan of the finished poem, and though its design would change as the writing advanced, Crane's informative sketches of his myth in 1926 and 1927 still make an excellent guide to the intricacies of *The Bridge*. He clearly hoped that the result would be a summing up of the "fervid covenant" between person and person, and between person and place, that had always preoccupied him. The solidarity that he cared for, he seemed to think, could become as common as the open road. He may at moments have thought of *The Bridge* as a popular poem.

It sustains an extraordinary eloquence in several of its major sections, and exhibits an integrity of purpose that does not falter. One has throughout a sense of wide vistas surveyed across time and space, for the sake of capturing a single detail; and the sweep of the writing passes from the "dip and pivot" of the seagull, in "To Brooklyn Bridge," to the pilgrimage of the Mississippi Valley settlers in "The River," whose travel becomes an allegory of the progress of a tradition or the recollections of an individual mind:

Down, down—born pioneers in time's
despite,
Grimed tributaries to an ancient flow—
They win no frontier by their wayward
plight,
But drift in stillness, as from Jordan's brow.

You will not hear it as the sea; even stone
Is not more hushed by gravity... But slow,
As loth to take more tribute—sliding prone
Like one whose eyes were buried long ago

The River, spreading, flows—and spends
your dream.

In a later section, "The Tunnel," the poem acquires a different gravity that it could not do without—a montage of scenes from an all-night subway ride, with a morbid particularity that Crane had mostly kept out of his poetry before, ending at sunrise with a view of the East River:

Daemon, demurring and eventful yawn!
Whose hideous laughter is a bellows mirth
—Or the muffled slaughter of a day in
birth—
O cruelly to inoculate the brinking dawn
With antennae toward worlds that glow
and sink...

It was a very wrong report that held Crane to be an optimist of the Machine Age. On the other hand, the charge that he was a "primitivist"—made earliest by his friend Winters—can seem borne out by the figure of the medicine-man and shaman whom the poet associates with himself in "The Dance." But one cannot help admiring the bravery of this sustained piece of narrative, with its effort to claim the materials of Longfellow for a modern and psychological inquest; just as, in the pure rhapsody of "Atlantis," one stands back at the propulsive intensity with which the poem starts and keeps on lifting. Maybe "Ave Maria," a prayer of Columbus, suffered from too much premeditation: its old-world diction leaves an odd on-purpose after-shine. And "Indiana," a ballad of the

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frontier, a lovely sentimental song, remains hard to hold in solution with the rest of the poem. And yet the final feeling remains incomparable: *The Bridge* makes a myth out of wholly individual episodes, both recalled and reimagined. Crane's letter of dedication to John A. Roebeling, son of the builder—a letter both dignified and understated, a plain expression of gratitude—is one of the most moving in the book.

Two reviews of *The Bridge*, by Allen Tate and Yvor Winters, did as much to affect Crane's thinking about himself as they did to influence the early reception of the poem. These were gifted critics, still in the process of defining their temperaments. They were also poets who recognized in Crane an ascendant genius. They had earlier stood up for him as unselfish allies—Tate in a fine introduction to *White Buildings*, Winters in a review of that book which pronounced its author “among the five or six greatest poets writing in English.” Both critics now had a short time to collect their thoughts about an elusive work by Crane in a visionary mode that neither found congenial. Different as they were—Tate a devoted modernist, Winters a rational antimodernist—they came to nearly the same conclusion. They read *The Bridge* as an epic in the tradition of Whitman which exposed the failure of the tradition itself. The argument that followed makes a great point of interest in these letters, for the debate about Whitman becomes a debate about America and the morality of art.

Crane here was defending himself and not just his poem, but his replies are notable for their self-possession and, except for one phrase in the letter to Winters, their freedom from asperity. Winters in his review had quoted, as powerful and deranged, a line from “The Dance”: “Lie to us—dance us back to the tribal morn!” Crane replied:

You still point with complacency, I see, to the infamous medicine-man passage.... I've tried before to tell you how innocent that passage is, but you will probably cite it again, somewhere else, I am sure, as an example of “moral surrender,” “reversion of the species,” or heaven knows what.... All I am saying amounts in substance to this: “Mimic the scene of yesterday; I want to see how it looked.” Here again your notion of what is feeble in my character offered false premises.

My acknowledgment of Whitman as an influence and living force: “Not greatest, thou,—not first, nor last,—but near,” as I qualify it,—apparently this discolored the entire poem in your estimation.

He expands the defense of Whitman in

his letter to Tate, and links it there to an insistence that poetry be personal rather than method-minding.

The anti-aesthetic turn of the 1930s was well begun in the first year of that decade, and was already visible in a book like *Axel's Castle*. There are, Crane says, critics who look to poetry for an ethical or quasi-ethical result; for them,

poetry as poetry (and I don't mean merely decorative verse) isn't worth a second reading any more. Therefore—away with Kubla Khan, and out with Marlowe, and to hell with Keats! It's a pity, I think. So many true things have a way of coming out all the better without the strain to sum up the universe in one impressive little pellet. I admit that I don't answer the requirements....

This personal note is doubtless responsible for what you term as sentimentality in my attitude toward Whitman. I realized that in the midst of composition. But since you and I hold such divergent prejudices regarding the value of the materials and events that W. responded to, and especially as you, like so many others, never seem to have read his *Democratic Vistas* and other of his statements sharply decrying the materialism, industrialism, etc. of which you name him the guilty and hysterical spokesman, there isn't much use in my tabulating the qualified, yet persistent reasons I have for my admiration of him, and my allegiance to the positive universal tendencies implicit in nearly all his best work. You've heard me roar at too many of his lines to doubt that I can spot his worst, I'm sure.

Crane would be established, in the literary memory of the 1940s and 1950s, as a half-mad rebel whose want of a “moral check” at last destroyed him. But he had been more than half a mentor to Tate and Winters, and as the letters show, he knew very well what he was doing in the poem that lost their approval.

One notices in these letters of self-defense, as earlier in letters to Gorham Munson, how anxious Crane is to extricate the personal impression, or the tincture of an available rumor, from the characterizations offered of his poetry. His poems, he insists, are deeper and different than any idea of his pathology may suggest, and his actual interests are wider than his poetry may show. He spoke of wanting to try his hand at prose, and there are signs of such a preparation early on: he read *Ulysses* with the passion of an initiate, and *Moby-Dick* three times (crediting it the last time with having revived his interest in life), and followed eagerly the successive volumes of Dos Passos's *USA*.

He had as solid a claim as any writer of the 1920s to have immersed himself in his society, to have become deliberately “poised, yet lost in traffic.” Still, it was

hard, even for friends, to make both allowances at once: to subtract the personal from the literary impression and the literary from the personal. His later life began to resemble the most tormented intervals of his poetry, while the poems came to appear a commentary on “wounds pledged once to hope—cleft to despair.” His work had shown an affinity with Whitman and Dickinson and (a particular enthusiasm) Marlowe; among contemporaries, he admired Stevens and Edward Thomas; he was eclectic enough to experiment, quite late, with the idiom of E.E. Cummings. Now most of all he came to resemble himself. The greatest of his last poems, “The Broken Tower,” is a dialogue with the aspirations of his previous work, and it combs through a hoard of telegraphic self-portraits, relying, as it does so, on a reader's implicit knowledge of “Recitative,” “Respose of Rivers,” *For the Marriage of Faustus and Helen*, and “The Dance.”

He sent “The Broken Tower” to Morton Dauwen Zabel, the editor of *Poetry*, and was awaiting an answer when he took his fatal journey back to the States in April 1932. It is plain that his powers were still alive, and could still be directed upon the most complex of designs. And yet I agree with his editor, Langdon Hammer, that in the last five years or so leading up to his suicide, Crane's sense of himself had undergone a disastrous plunge. One thinks of the words of another poet, John Clare: “the vast shipwreck of my life's esteems.” As Hammer remarks, not without charity, Crane now “sometimes settled for the fame of a drunkard, whose intoxicated misadventures mocked the inspired states of ‘possession’ he once knew and still craved.”

It is heartbreaking to compare a letter to his mother in the mid-'20s, about a night on the town with Charlie Chaplin, which ends by evoking “the intense clarity of spirit that a man like Chaplin gives” and avows that he himself has that clarity—and the long succession of abject notes to Katherine Anne Porter and Peggy Cowley in apology for his drinking binges in Mexico. From one mayhem to the next, his wish to have “What I hold healed, original now, and pure” is dashed against the memory of an escapade the night before, until at last he writes to Peggy Cowley: “Why is it you love me so? I don't deserve it. I'm just a careening idiot with a talent for humor at times, and for insult and desecration at others.”

The sadness of his final years comes not only from the fretful juggling of projects, the failure to obtain a release from his ties to his parents, the dependency that wears down his dearest friendships

when for the first time it looks like sponging. There is another element now. His authorization to speak of despair is a new tonality in his character, and it is a terrible addition. This phase began—so it seems when one reads the letters in sequence—as early as his trip to California in 1927, as a paid intellectual companion of Herbert Wise. In San Pedro and in Hollywood, Crane would lose himself among the rough trade, then face the appalling prospect of holding up the level of refinement he had been hired to impersonate. He refers more than once to the atmosphere of southern California as a “pink vacuum,” and his impression in a letter to Malcolm and Peggy Cowley is close to Nathanael West’s a few years later:

Writing is next to impossible—what with the purling of fountains, the drawing of mockingbirds, the roaring of surf, the blazing of movie stars, the barking of dogs, the midnight shakings of geraniums, the cruising of warships.... My philosophic moments are few, but when they do occur it is almost always possible to turn on the radio and immediately expose my soul to the rasping persuasions of Aimee Macpherson, eternally ranting and evangelizing to packed houses at the great palm-flanked arena of Angelus Temple. She broadcasts the news that people are frequently carried out in pieces, arms broken, heads smashed in the stampede for salvation which she almost nightly stages, thereby emphasizing the need of arriving early.... The peculiar mixtures of piety and utter abandon in this welter of cults, ages, occupations, etc. out here makes it a good deal like Bedlam. Retired schoolmarm from Iowa, Ohio, Kansas and all the corn-and-wheat belt along with millions of hobbling Methuselahs, alfalfa-fringed and querulous, side by side with crowds of ambitious but none-too-successful strumpets of moviedom, quite good to look at, and then hordes of rather nondescript people who seem just bound from nowhere into nothing.

He pulled out of this engagement early: something dismal had entered his soul. His fixed idea was now a wish to recover his former clarity. But recovery is a dead weight on desire, compared to real aspiration.

The opening lines of “The Broken Tower” acknowledge the difference, and appear to search for a spiritual transfiguration:

The bell rope that gathers God at dawn
Dispatches me as though I dropped down
the knell
Of a spent day—to wander the cathedral
lawn
From pit to crucifix, feet chill on steps from
hell.

The poem, as Crane thought of it, was

about his revival in a love affair with Peggy Cowley, the only heterosexual relationship of his life, and some of his letters to her are exhilarated and tender. But “O Carib Isle!”—a piece of damnation-eloquence, of a Marlovian energy, written many months earlier—caught more accurately the recurrent mood of his last sojourn:

Slagged of the hurricane—I, cast within its
flow,
Congeal by afternoons here, satin and
vacant.

His father had died in 1931, the Crane estate was involved with the threat of a lawsuit, and in this crisis he felt honor-bound to take an interest, having accepted loans from his stepmother. But his voyage back on the *S.S. Orizaba* turned into another scene of besotted confusion and humiliation—with Peggy Cowley laid up from accidental burns, and Crane, after a drunken scuffle with sailors, held in his room with the door boarded up. He escaped and jumped from the ship’s railing. His last words to her had been: “I’m not going to make it, dear. I’m utterly disgraced.” But of his actual correspondence the final words are: “Permanent address—Box 604, Chagrin Falls, Ohio.”

What survives in the letters is the wonder of a human being who had to imagine himself, and who performed as much as he ever promised in imagining. He wrote to his mother nine years before his death:

If I can’t continue to create the sort of poetry that is my intensest and deepest component in life—then it all means very little to me, and then I might as well tie myself up to some smug ambition and “success” (the common idol that every Tom Dick and Harry is bowing to everywhere). But so far, as you know, I only grow more convinced that what I naturally have to give the world in my own terms—is worth giving.

And to his father, the entrepreneur, the non-stop man of schemes to possess and succeed:

Try to imagine working for the pure love of simply making something beautiful,—something that maybe can’t be sold or used to help sell anything else, but that is simply a communication between man and man, a bond of understanding and human enlightenment—which is what a real work of art is. If you do that, then maybe you will see why I am not so foolish after all to have followed what seems sometimes only a faint star.

It is hard to think of an American who knew more intimately what it must

mean to live for art. He wrote his epitaph in an elegy for an Ohio friend, Ernest Nelson—“Scatter these well-meant idioms”—as if to say that an artist’s life can be guessed at but never recovered.

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BERLIN DIARIST

Past imperfect

ON A RECENT VISIT TO BERLIN, I stopped by the Kiepert bookstore to watch a friendly debate over Germany's future between Arnulf Baring, a leading neoconservative academic, and Bernd Ulrich, a leftish journalist. But after I introduced myself to Baring, he erupted, condemning the American media's fixation with the Nazi era and singling out an article of mine on the German new right from a year ago. I was stunned. To reach the bookstore, I had weaved through torn streets and steel barriers. The construction site looked like a war zone. But Baring's outburst offered a reminder that Germany's real battleground remains its Nazi past.

THE NAZI PAST IS NOT A JEWISH problem here. It is a German one. Few countries are more hospitable to Jews than contemporary Germany. After traveling to Germany on a trip sponsored by the Konrad Adenauer Foundation to attend a conference on German-Jewish relations, I learned that Germany now boasts the fastest-growing Jewish community in the world; in small German towns, synagogues that were once on the verge of collapse are now bursting with members. Ignatz Bubis, the leader of the German Jewish community who spoke to our conference at length about the huge influx of Russian Jews, has himself become a media star—a few years ago, he was even mentioned as a contender for president.

FAR FROM PUBLICLY NEGLECTING the Holocaust, Germans are obsessed with it. Holocaust studies has become chic for young Germans; everything from Jewish cafés in the Oranienburgerstrasse in former East Berlin to conversion is in vogue. Some detect a rebirth of Jewish culture in Germany, as though the past could somehow be redeemed. But perhaps the most disquieting trend is the moralization and memorialization of the Holocaust. Consider the Holocaust memorial that has been proposed for Berlin. In 1995, after 528 proposals for a memorial were sent in to a committee, officials selected a football field-sized concrete platter inscribed with the names of Jewish victims. Chancellor Helmut Kohl wisely nixed that idea; more modest-sized alternatives are under considera-

tion. But the new memorial will still ignore non-Jewish victims of the Nazis.

THE MAIN PROBLEM WITH BUILDING a Holocaust memorial is that Berlin already has one under construction—and it will be magnificent. Daniel Libeskind's museum of Jewish history, located near the city's center, will have ramps that link an old, original building to a new one, symbolizing the links between German and Jewish culture. One tunnel leads to an unheated, unlighted, 100-foot-high room with only a single slit for outside light. Its stark simplicity speaks volumes. But the Germans want their own official memorial. A Jewish museum, even if it is in Berlin, is not a German museum. And the Germans will spare no expense when it comes to memorializing the Holocaust. As one Berlin professor put it to me: "The Holocaust has become our national interest." It's a queasy mixture of sincerity, calculation, and sheer wallowing in guilt—in that order.

BUT REMEMBRANCE CAN REPLACE action, and the Germans are taking a harder line when it comes to current Jewish political concerns. The cold war meant that West Germany never had to pay a dime in reparations to Jews living in Eastern Europe—and reunified Germany isn't eager to pay them now. Similarly, thousands of former slave laborers under the Nazis want reparations. But German companies such as BASF, Hoechst, Krupp, Bayer, and Daimler-Benz, with Bonn's backing, are disputing their claims. According to the weekly *Der Spiegel*, in September 1996, members of these companies met with high-ranking officials from the foreign, finance, and justice ministries to develop a common strategy against plaintiffs who have come to include the Jewish Claims Conference.

ANOTHER MATTER ON WHICH THE German government has taken a curious stance is the Bundeswehr, or federal defense force. The touchy subject of Germans under arms was first inflamed this spring, when an exhibition on the Wehrmacht's crimes during World War II was shown throughout Germany. The pictures of ordinary German soldiers committing atrocities triggered an impassioned debate in the federal parliament about the extent of the army's culpability in Nazi crimes. Since then, Germans have become preoccupied with nationalism's lingering grip on their new army. The latest controversy surrounds the Hamburg Military Leadership Academy: in 1995, the academy invited

one of the country's most prominent neo-Nazis, Manfred Roeder, to speak about resettling ethnic Russian-Germans in former East Prussia. A festive dinner followed. Roeder was sentenced to 13 years in prison in 1982 for participating in an arson attack that killed two Vietnamese. In the past year, according to the Bundeswehr's own statistics, the number of neo-Nazi incidents in its ranks has tripled.

THESE EPISODES SHOULD NOT BE wholly surprising: many liberally minded German youths opt for *Zivildienst*, or civilian service, as a way out of the draft. This means the army is disproportionately right-wing. I met one rightist ex-recruit in, of all places, a Shanghai group hotel a year ago. He was one of my bunkmates—a blond, crew cut German named Peter, who said he had belonged to an elite parachute company. He sang the Horst Wessel Lied that evening. It sounds like a parody, but that's what recruits videotaped themselves doing in October.

IF THE RIGHT HAS SUPPLIED THE left with plenty of, well, ammunition to point to recrudescing nationalism, the German left also has some explaining to do. The best-selling new French book edited by Stéphane Courtois, *The Black Book of Communism*, explicitly equates Nazi with communist genocide. Often, the right has emphasized communist crimes so as to diminish the horror of Nazi ones, and Courtois goes too far. But the German and French left have been guilty of the same game: they have used Nazi crimes to relativize communist atrocities. This came home to me after watching the 1951 East German film version of Heinrich Mann's classic *Der Untertan*, the underling. The corpulent underling is supposed to epitomize a bootlicking bourgeoisie that glorified Wilhelmine militarism and paved the way for Nazism. But the film also unwittingly served as a send-up of the East German dictatorship.

EAST GERMANY, OF COURSE, SCANTED Jewish Holocaust suffering to portray Communists as the true victims. In Leipzig, the local branch of the reconstituted Communist Party, the Party of Democratic Socialism recently adapted this tradition when it opposed changing Georgi Dimitrov Street—named after a Communist—to Eduard von Simson Street, after the nineteenth-century Jewish Leipziger. In Germany, even street names can trigger clashes over the meaning of the past.

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